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ADVENTURE!**
starring...
**TYPHOON TYLER
DANNY DANGER
TIME TRAVELERS**



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TYPHOON TYLER



PICTURE AN AREA WIDER THAN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN... DOTTED WITH ISLANDS FLOATING IN THE SULTRY SEAS LIKE A HANDFUL OF CARELESSLY-PLUNG EMERALDS! THESE ARE THE EAST INDIES... SOMETIMES GLUMBERING IN THE LAZING LULL OF THE TROPICS... SOMETIMES ROUSING IN A SWIRLING TIDAL WAVE OF VIOLENCE! ONCE IN A CENTURY, A MAN VENTURES TO THIS PART OF THE WORLD AND LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO LEAVE HIS MARK... A MAN WHOSE COLD, CALM EYES CAN PINPOINT DANGER IN THE SEA AND JUNGLE... A MAN LIKE TYPHOON TYLER!

NEVER HEARD OF CUTLASS CHARLIE'S? HERE IT IS... ON THE PALMY WATERFRONT OF LINGAYEN... ON LUZON ISLAND!

AHOY THERE, CHARLIE... I'M BACK!

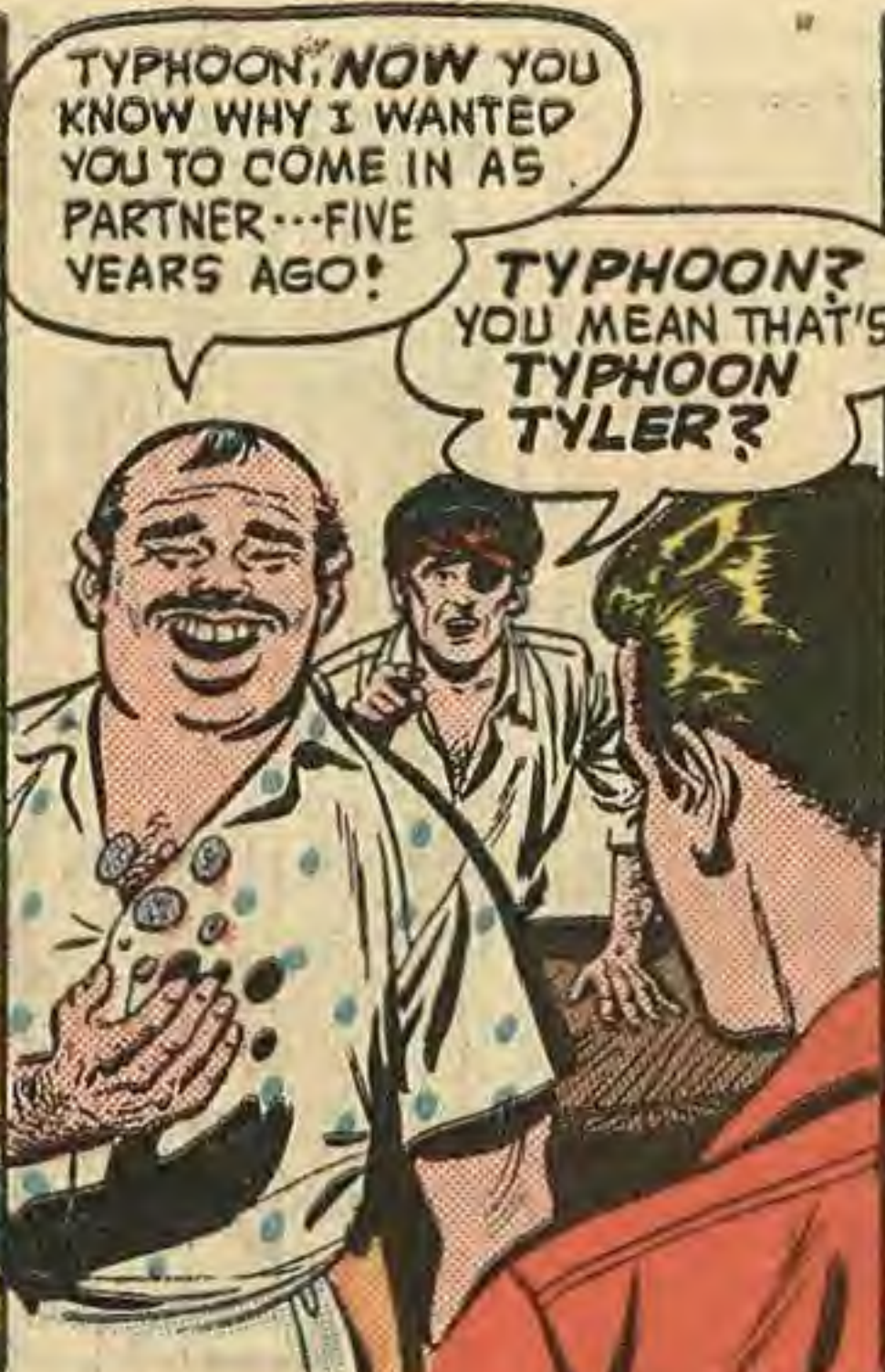


BRAWLS... SHIPWRECK... MALARIA... AND YOU STILL MANAGE TO LOOK LIKE A STRANDED WHALE AT HIGH TIDE!

AND YOU, MATE... IS THERE ANYWHERE YOU DON'T SHOW UP? I'VE KEPT ONE LAST BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE IN THIS DUMP... AND NOW I'M BREAKING IT FOR THE KIND OF WELCOME DUE A FRIEND!











THE SCORPION HAS INVADDED MY ISLAND
WITH A LARGE BAND...AND THEY'VE
TAKEN ME AS A HOSTAGE TO MAKE SURE
MY PEOPLE DON'T REBEL! AFTER WE
SAILED, I COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT
OF MONEY ISLAND CONQUERED...FOR
THE FIRST TIME SINCE MY ANCESTORS
SETTLED THERE! I DECIDED TO SINK
THE SHIP...KNOWING THE SCORPION
WOULD DROWN WITH ME!



WHAT A MISTAKE **THAT** WOULD HAVE BEEN, SULA! UNLESS I RADIO OUR ARRIVAL ON THE ANNAMENSE COAST BY TOMORROW NIGHT ...THE MEN I LEFT ON THE ISLAND WILL EXECUTE ONE OUT OF EVERY TEN OF YOUR PEOPLE!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE JOWL-DEEP IN QUITE A PROJECT, SCORPION! WHAT ARE YOU GETTING?

TO BEGIN WITH...THE PRINCESS ...AND YOUR SHIP! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THOSE HELPLESS ISLANDERS MASSACRED...**WOULD YOU, TYPHOON?**

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, RAT! O.K., CHARLIE... HEAVE DOWN THE OTHERS!



AS THE YAWL GETS UNDER WAY...

WHATEVER THE SEA SCORPION HAS IN MIND... **YOU'RE** IN NO POSITION TO FIND OUT, WITH JUST A HANDFUL OF MEN! CONSIDERING WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY PEOPLE IF YOU FAIL...I **FORBID YOU** TO LAND ON MONEY ISLAND!

AND LEAVE A PASSENGER STRANDED THERE...RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SCORPION'S CUTTHROATS? NO DICE, SWEETHEART ...I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



NEXT DAY...

NOW GET THIS, CHARLIE...THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL RUN INTO WHEN WE TIE UP! I WANT EVERY MAN ON HIS TOES!



H'M ...I WOULDN'T CALL **THAT** DANGEROUS!

PERHAPS IT DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW, MR. TYLER!



COULD BE, SULA! BUT I'LL TAKE IN THE LOCAL SCENERY LATER...AFTER I'VE DUG UP AN OLD CROCK NAMED DR. VANE!

IT'S PLAIN WE HAVEN'T MET BEFORE, TYPHOON TYLER! I'M **CAROL VANE!**



YOU'RE
DR. VANE?

THAT'S RIGHT! I CAME
TO MONEY ISLAND LOOK-
ING FOR TRACES OF THE
ANCIENT KHMER
CULTURE!

I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO DO MUCH ELSE...
BUT I FOUND A HUGE STONE LION IN THE
JUNGLE THAT DEFINITELY PROVES THIS IS
THE ISLAND THE KHMER SETTLED
AFTER LEAVING THEIR TREMENDOUS
CITY OF ANGKOR VAT... IN
CAMBODIA!

ASIDE FROM WHICH
...I'M BEGINNING TO
SEE WHY TYPHOON FOUND
IT SO IMPORTANT TO
LAND HERE! HISTORY
CAN BE A FASCINAT-
ING SUBJECT!

PULL IN YOUR CLAWS, PET
...THE HISTORY OF MONEY
ISLAND MAY WIND UP
TONIGHT UNLESS
WE LEARN WHAT
GOES ON HERE!

IN THE MARKET SQUARE...

SULA...YOU MUST LEAVE!
YOU HAVE RISKED YOUR
LIFE BY RETURNING,
PRINCESS!

TYPHOON
TYLER HAS
CAPTURED THE
SEA SCORPION!
TELL US WHERE
TO FIND HIS MEN
...AND THEY WILL
MEET THE SAME
FATE!

NO...THEY WILL NEVER BE
CAPTURED! THEY HAVE THE
POWER TO VANISH IN THE
JUNGLE!

WE ARE AFRAID,
SULA! TELL TYPHOON
TYLER TO LEAVE...
TELL HIM TO SET
THE SCORPION
FREE!

TYPHOON...DON'T YOU SEE
THAT YOUR HELP MAY MEAN
OUR DOWNFALL? WHAT CAN
YOU DO AGAINST AN ENEMY
NO ONE CAN FIND?

NO ONE BUT THE
SCORPION! I'M
GOING ABOARD,
SULA...AND HAMMER
HIS JAW UNTIL IT'S
LOOSE ENOUGH
TO TALK!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT IN
THUNDER...
CAROL!

I CAME ABOARD TO HAVE A LOOK AT MY CABIN...AND THE MOMENT I UNLOCKED THAT DOOR, FOUR MEN FLUNG ME ASIDE AND RUSHED ASHORE!

GREAT...RIGHT DOWN THE SCORPION'S ALLEY! I BRING HIM BACK TO THE ISLAND...AND YOU SEND HIM BACK TO HIS GANG!



I'M SORRY, TYPHOON...BUT **ANOTHER** REASON WHY I CAME ABOARD WAS THAT I WAS LONELY...I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU! THAT STONE LION I MENTIONED ISN'T FAR...CAN'T WE WALK OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT AND SEE IT?

MIGHT AS WELL...MAYBE WE'LL RUN INTO A NATIVE WHO CAN GIVE ME A LEAD ON THE GANG! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, CHARLIE...AND DON'T LET SULA OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!



AS THE SHORT TROPICAL DUSK DEEPENS OVER THE JUNGLE...

WE'RE SURE WASTING PLENTY OF MOONLIGHT, CAROL...BARGING AROUND THE BUSH TO GAPE AT A STONE LION!

I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT BEING INTERESTED...WHEN THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY SEEMS TO HAVE BRUSHED OFF MY REPORT ON THE MIGRATION OF THE KHMERS TO MONEY ISLAND! I SENT A DETAILED ACCOUNT MONTHS AGO...AND THEY HAVEN'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGED IT!



MINUTES LATER...

WELL...WAS IT WORTH THE TRIP?



I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT THING DIDN'T JUST **HAPPEN** HERE! MAYBE THERE **WAS** SOME KIND OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION ON THE ISLAND!

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY THERE ISN'T ANY OTHER TRACE...NOT EVEN RUINS! IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE HUGE LION WERE MEANT TO GUARD SOMETHING...IT CAN'T JUST BE STANDING THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT FOR **NOTHING**!

SHOULD WE?



Then...

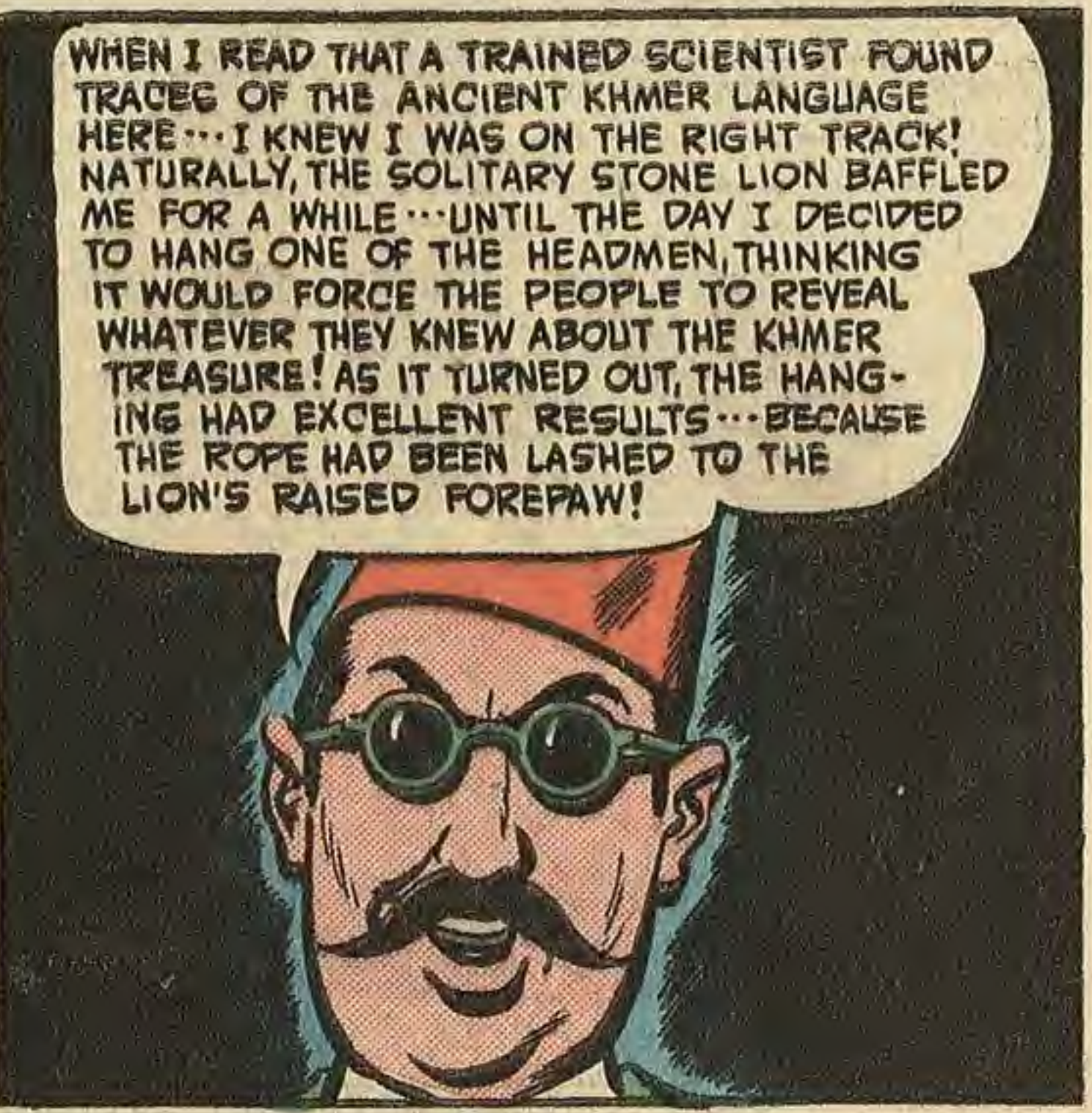




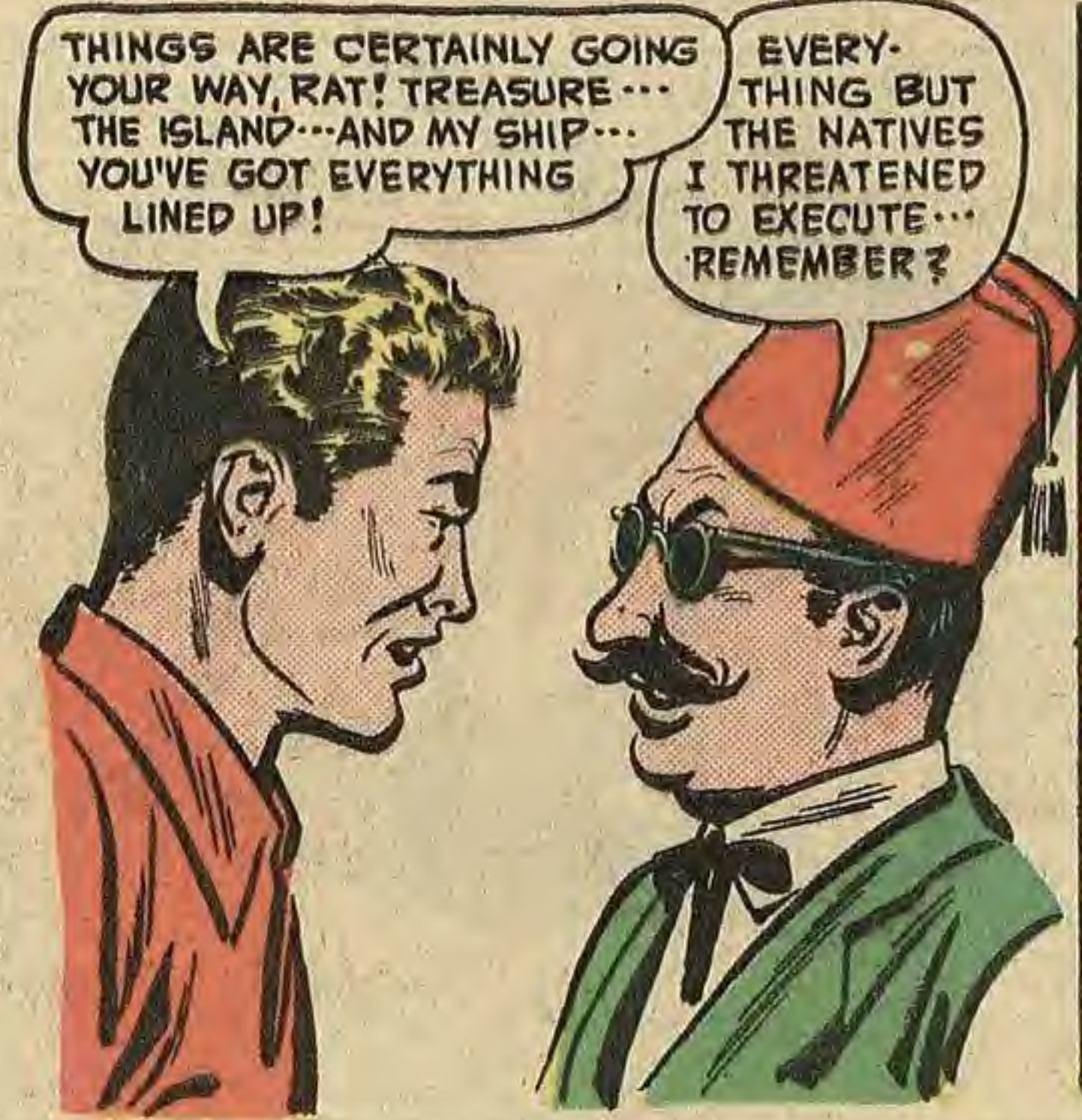


A VERY SIMPLE ONE, MY FRIEND! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE KHMER TREASURE FOR YEARS... AND IT GOT TO BE QUITE A HOBBY WHILE I RANGED UP AND DOWN THE ISLANDS, LOOKING FOR SHIPS! THE LAST VESSEL I LOOTED, FORTUNATELY, HAD **THIS** ABOARD!

MY REPORT... THE ONE I SENT TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY!



WHEN I READ THAT A TRAINED SCIENTIST FOUND TRACES OF THE ANCIENT KHMER LANGUAGE HERE... I KNEW I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK! NATURALLY, THE SOLITARY STONE LION BAFFLED ME FOR A WHILE... UNTIL THE DAY I DECIDED TO HANG ONE OF THE HEADMEN, THINKING IT WOULD FORCE THE PEOPLE TO REVEAL WHATEVER THEY KNEW ABOUT THE KHMER TREASURE! AS IT TURNED OUT, THE HANGING HAD EXCELLENT RESULTS... BECAUSE THE ROPE HAD BEEN LASHED TO THE LION'S RAISED FOREPAW!



THINGS ARE CERTAINLY GOING YOUR WAY, RAT! TREASURE... THE ISLAND... AND MY SHIP... YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING LINED UP!

EVERY-THING BUT THE NATIVES I THREATENED TO EXECUTE... REMEMBER?



AND **THEM**, SCORPION!

WHY BOTHER... WHEN THEY'LL BE MORE USEFUL ALIVE? **SHE** CAN SEND REGULAR REPORTS BACK TO THE SOCIETY... TO PREVENT THEIR ORGANIZING AN EXPEDITION TO LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO HER! AND WHEN WE'RE READY TO LEAVE WITH THE TREASURE, IT WILL BE HELPFUL TO HAVE TYPHOON TYLER ABOARD! WHAT ENGLISH OR DUTCH GUNBOAT WOULD THINK OF MAKING A SEARCH WITH **HIM** AT THE HELM?



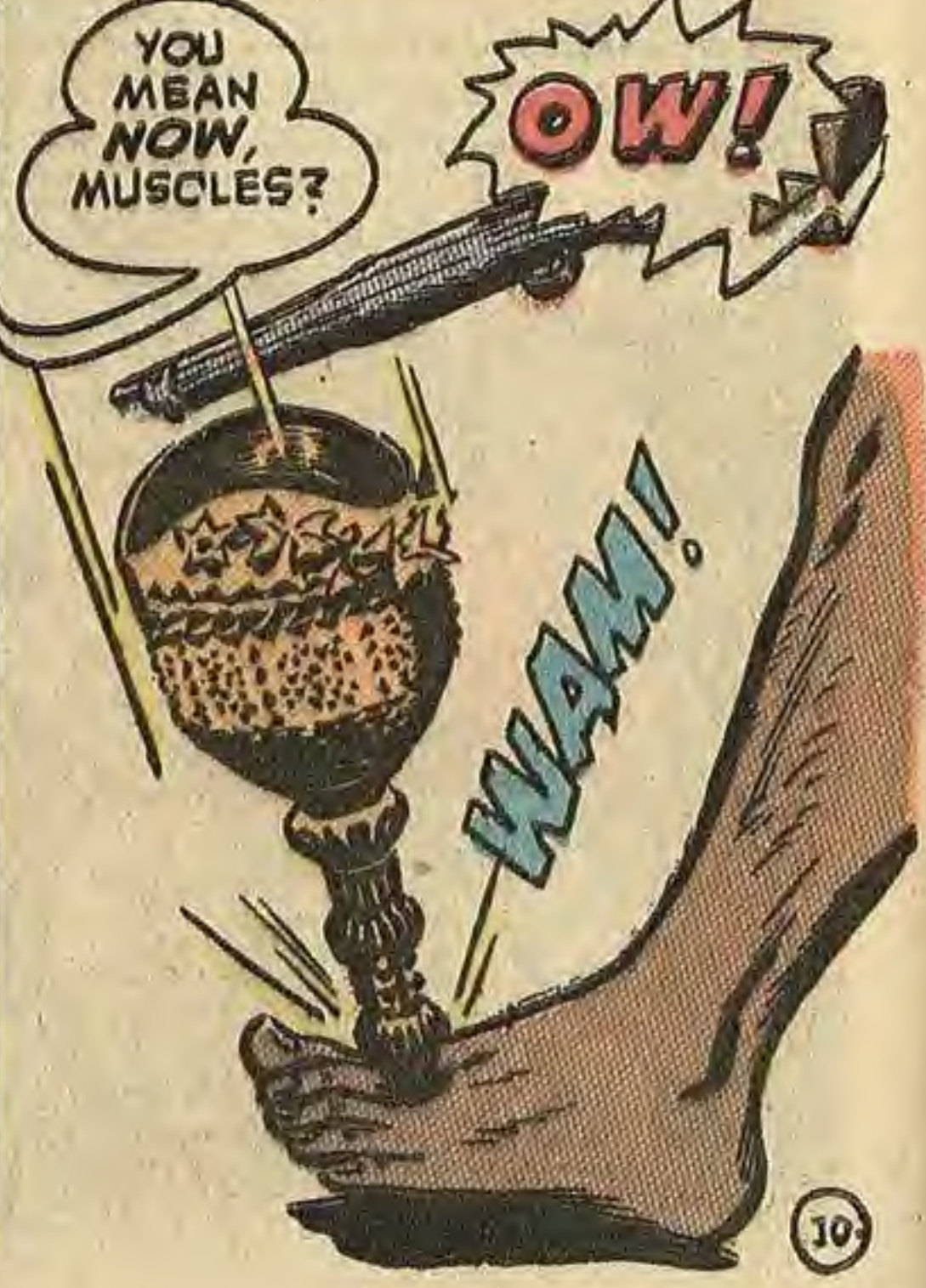
I KNOW YOU'LL FEEL KEENLY THE UNPLEASANT DEATH AWAITING CUTLASS CHARLIE... BUT WHAT ELSE CAN HE EXPECT... THAT SWINE WHO SOLD FLAT BEER?



MINUTES LATER...

DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL, TYPHOON? IT'S THE COSTUME WORN BY A KHMER PRINCESS... CENTURIES AGO!

WHO TOLD YOU COULD TOUCH? **DROP IT!**



YOU MEAN **NOW**, MUSCLES?

OW!

WAAH!

Then... WITH THE IMPACT OF A CHARGING WATER BUFFALO...



I SUPPOSE WE CAN REACH THE VILLAGE BEFORE THE SCORPION AND HIS MEN IF WE HURRY... BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH YOU CAN DO TO HELP SULA AND HER HELPLESS PEOPLE!



UNLESS THE SCORPION FINDS THEY'RE NOT AS HELPLESS AS HE THINKS!

A HALF-HOUR LATER... AS PANIC SWEEPS THE MARKET PLACE...

FOOLS... ARE YOU WAITING LIKE SHEEP FOR THE SCORPION TO MOW YOU DOWN? HE IS ON THE OUTSKIRTS... ARM YOURSELVES!

WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST MACHINE GUNS? WHAT CAN WE DO BUT PREPARE TO DIE?



SUDDENLY... FROM THE NEARBY PALACE...

SULA!

SPINELESS ONES! ARE YOU READY TO SEE SULA DIE IN THE COSTUME OF HER ANCESTORS... WHEN YOUR ANCESTORS WERE WARRIORS WHO SWEEPED THE JUNGLE?



GIVE ME A SWORD, COWARDS... GIVE ME A BOW... LET SULA FIGHT BESIDE TYPHOON TYLER!





RIVER-CROSSINGS WERE ROUGH!

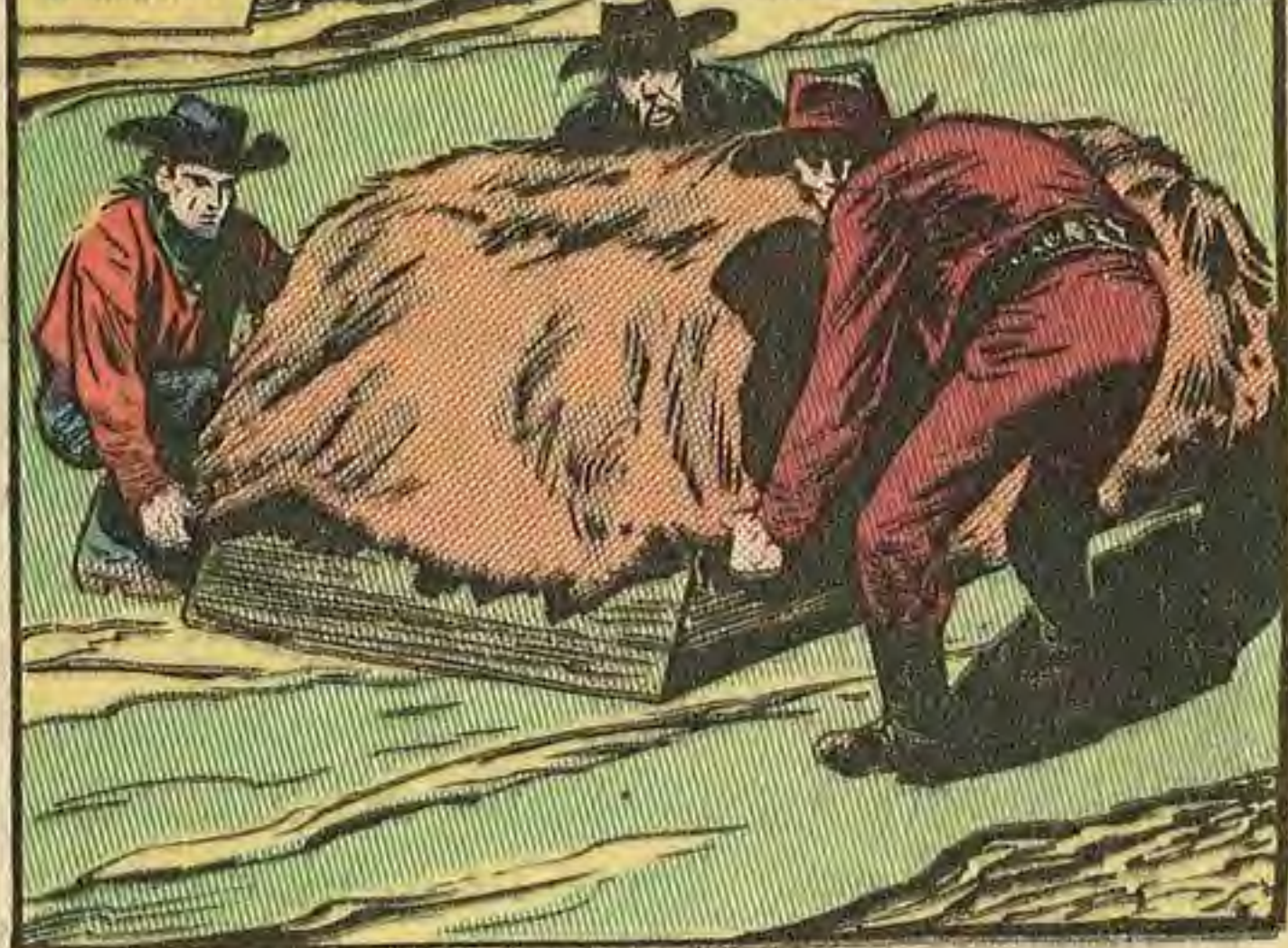
ONE OF THE GREATEST PERILS EARLY PIONEERS HAD TO FACE WAS THE CROSSING OF HAZARDOUS WESTERN RIVERS! MANY A SETTLER LOST HIS LIFE, OR ALL HIS POSSESSIONS, IN AN ATTEMPT TO CROSS A SWIFTLY RAMPAGING OR TREACHEROUS RIVER... BUT MANY MORE SUCCEEDED, THANKS TO THE SAVVY OF THE OLDTIMERS WHO KNEW HOW! YES, RIVER CROSSINGS WERE ROUGH IN THE OLD DAYS... UNLESS YOU HAD THE SKILL BORN OF EXPERIENCE, AND THE COURAGE BORN OF A STOUT HEART!



MANY OF THE GREAT RIVERS OF THE PLAINS COULDN'T BE BRIDGED OR CROSSED BY WOODEN RAFTS BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF ANY NEARBY TIMBER... AND PIONEERS HAD TO RELY ON BUFFALO TO PROVIDE THEM WITH BOATS!



AFTER A NUMBER OF BUFFALO WERE KILLED, THEY WOULD BE SKINNED... AND THE FRESH, WET HIDES WOULD BE STRETCHED TIGHTLY OVER THE BED OF A CART!



WHEN THE HIDES HAD DRIED AND SHRUNK INTO A STIFF, CONCAVE SHAPE, THE RESULTING "BULL BOAT" WAS ABLE TO CARRY SEVERAL MEN PLUS THEIR EQUIPMENT ACROSS EVEN THE WIDEST RIVER!



BUT OF COURSE THE EARLY SETTLERS COULDN'T GET THEIR LARGE WAGONS ACROSS THIS WAY... AND WERE FORCED TO FORD THE RIVER! EVERYTHING DEPENDED ON THE DRIVER'S SKILL IN GUIDING THE TEAM DIAGONALLY DOWN-STREAM TO AVOID THE WORST OF THE CURRENT, AND IN PILOTING THE TERROR-STRICKEN TEAM PAST THE CLUTCHING QUICKSANDS, UNSEEN ROCKS AND DEEP, SHIFTING HOLES!



FINALLY, IF THE DRIVER HAD DONE HIS JOB WELL, THE PANTING TEAM AND DRENCHED OCCUPANTS STRUGGLED UP THE OPPOSITE BANK... AND ONE MORE RIVER WAS CONQUERED IN THE WESTWARD DRIVE!



T-MAN'S TRICK

TREASURY-AGENT Lance Brooks stepped warily out of the dark alley and glanced swiftly down the gloomy Chinatown street. There was no one in sight. His hand tightly gripping the automatic in his jacket pocket, Lance moved stealthily over the house he'd been watching all night long.

The door to the house was locked—but that was no problem to a T-man who knew how to handle specially-made skeleton keys! Once inside the darkened corridor, smelling faintly of Oriental incense, Lance stood still for a moment, listening intently. There was no sound but the distant street noises. Lance grinned tightly—waiting until 4 A.M. before making his raid was paying off—because even the most active of counterfeiters had to sleep sometime!

Only yesterday Lance had gotten a hot tip that the ring of counterfeiters he'd been tracking down all month had their headquarters in this unobtrusive house in the heart of Chinatown. But the informant didn't know whether the counterfeiting machinery was actually in that building—and Lance knew he couldn't bust in with his men on the mere hope that the counterfeiters would be caught with the implicating evidence right on the premises. Because if the hope proved to be false, if he didn't catch them with the goods, the gang would be warned they were under suspicion—and they'd all scatter and lay low, depriving the agents of any possible chance of ever nabbing them.

So that tonight, Lance was making his own stealthy, private survey to find out if there was enough incriminating evidence in the house for him to give his raiding men the go-ahead sign in the morning. All he had to do now was steal down to the

cellar, where the printing was probably done, and—

Lance suddenly stood stock still as he felt a knife jab right through his jacket and press coldly against his spine . . . and an Oriental, sibilant voice hissed, "You will raise your hands, please!"

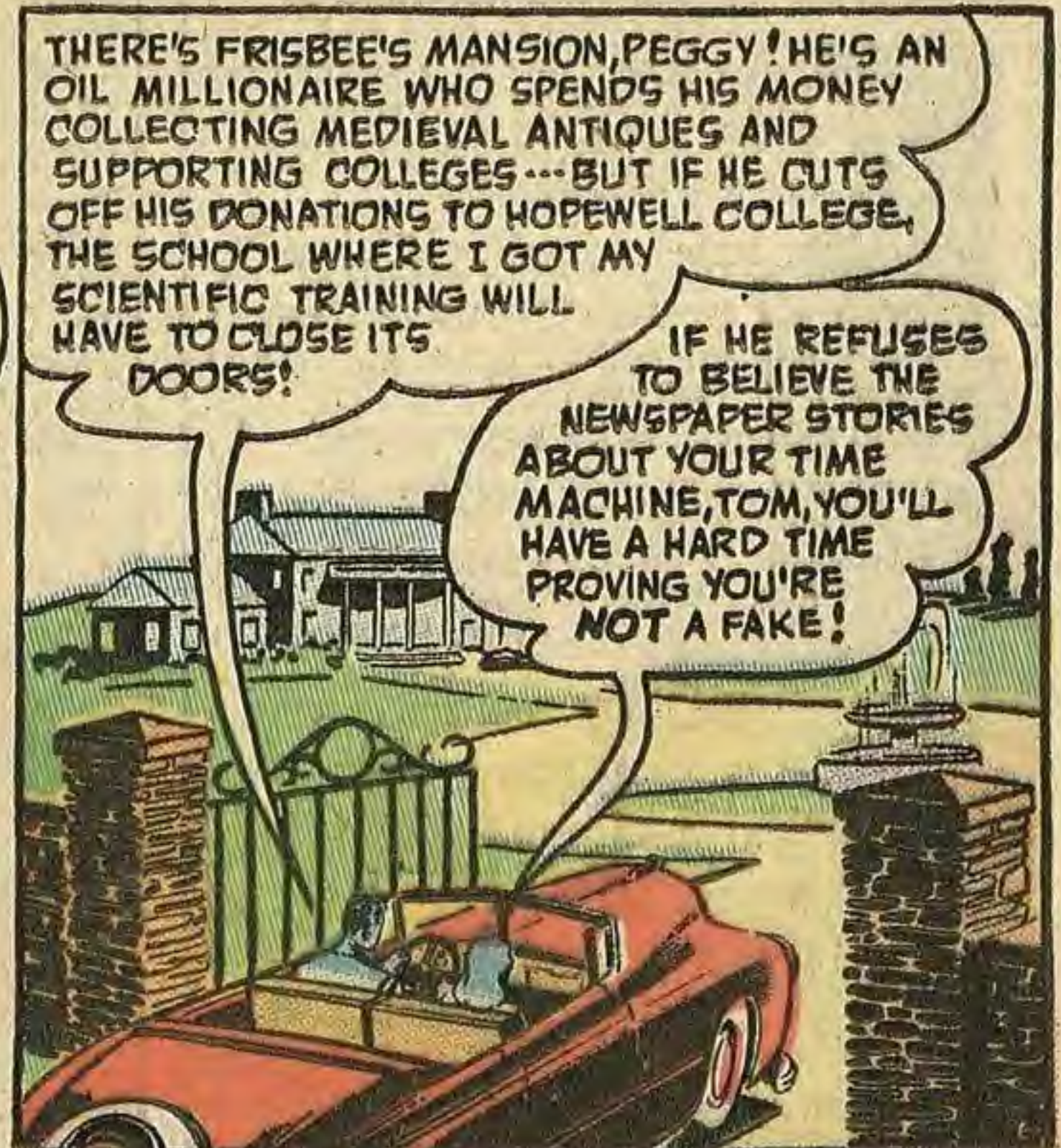
Knowing that the knife would be driven home before he could whirl and fire, Lance obeyed. A darting hand swept into his pocket, lifted out his automatic, and the voice said, "You may turn around now—to your *death!*"

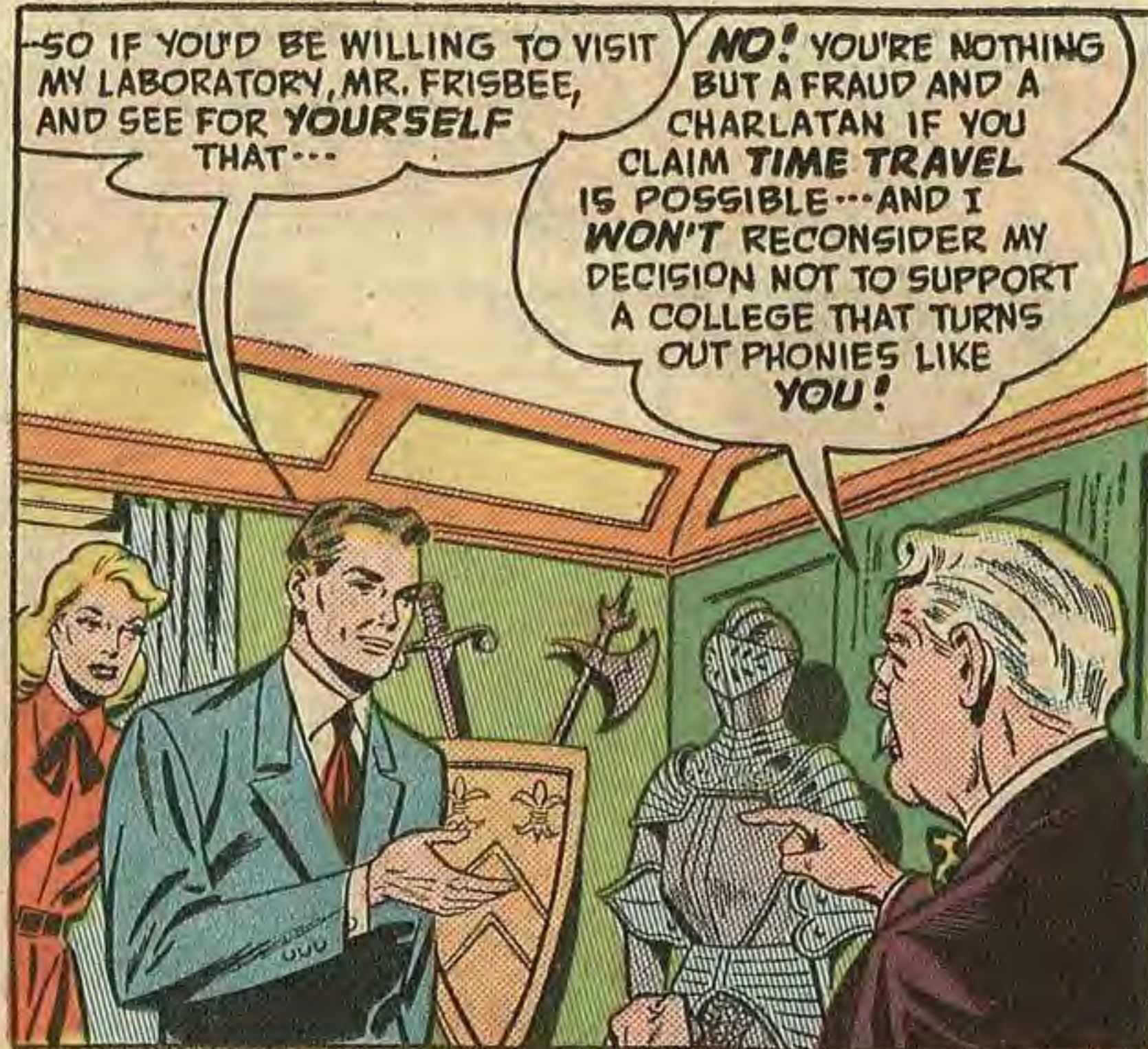
Lance turned and saw the wily-looking Oriental smiling oilily at him, holding Lance's own gun. The Chinaman said, "A signal sounded the moment you opened the door, Mr. Treasury-man! We counterfeiters don't take any chances, you see—especially when all our counterfeiting equipment is lying around here. And now—you *die!*"

Lance looked down at the gun pointing at his middle, and smiled. "I can see you're more familiar with knives than with guns—because you haven't taken the safety off my gun yet! It'll take you at least three seconds to look down at the gun and flick off the safety—but it'll only take me *two* seconds to kayo you!"

The Oriental's eyes flickered with uncertainty, and as he gave a hasty look down at the gun, Lance unleashed his powerhouse right to the Chinaman's jaw. Before the body had even crumpled to the floor, Lance had snatched the gun which had fallen from senseless fingers. Holding his gun tightly, Lance smiled down at the unconscious counterfeiter. "That was an old Treasury-agent's trick," he said. "My safety *was* off—and now you and your whole gang are going to be put in safety—*behind bars!*"

THE TIME TRAVELERS





SO IF YOU'D BE WILLING TO VISIT MY LABORATORY, MR. FRISBEE, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT...

NO! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FRAUD AND A CHARLATAN IF YOU CLAIM **TIME TRAVEL** IS POSSIBLE...AND I **WON'T** RECONSIDER MY DECISION NOT TO SUPPORT A COLLEGE THAT TURNS OUT PHONIES LIKE YOU!



MY BUTLER WILL SHOW YOU OUT... THROUGH THE **BACK DOOR!** **GOODBYE!**

I'VE GOT TO THINK OF **SOME** WAY OF PERSUADING HIM... **WAIT!** THOSE SUITS OF ARMOR AND MEDIEVAL ANTIQUES THAT FRISBEE COLLECTS GIVE ME AN **IDEA!**



JUST A MOMENT, SIR! I'LL **PROVE** TO YOU THAT TIME TRAVEL **IS** POSSIBLE...BY GOING BACK TO THE 6TH CENTURY AND RETURNING WITH THE MOST FAMOUS WEAPON IN THE HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL KNIGHTHOOD! WOULD YOU RESUME YOUR DONATIONS TO THE COLLEGE IF I BROUGHT YOU BACK **EXCALIBUR**... THE MIGHTY SWORD WORN BY **KING ARTHUR HIMSELF?**

I'D BE THE ENVY OF EVERY ANTIQUE COLLECTOR IF I HAD **EXCALIBUR**... I'D GIVE THE COLLEGE A MILLION, **TEN MILLION** FOR IT!



BUT I LET MY ENTHUSIASM CARRY ME AWAY! I FORGOT THAT YOU'RE A **PHONEY**... THAT YOU COULD **NEVER** TRAVEL BACK TO THE TIME OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS TO BRING BACK EXCALIBUR!

OH, **NO?** MAKE A NICHE FOR EXCALIBUR ON YOUR WALL, MR. FRISBEE... **BECAUSE I'M GOING TO GET IT, NO MATTER WHAT PERILS I HAVE TO FACE!**



NEXT DAY... THE TIME MACHINE'S CONTROLS ARE ALL SET FOR THE 6TH CENTURY! ARE YOU **SURE** YOU WANT TO COME ALONG, PEGGY? IT MIGHT BE **DANGEROUS!**

IT PROBABLY **WOULD** BE DANGEROUS IF I LET MY FIANCE GO TRAIPSING THROUGH THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY WITHOUT ME! I'M GOING ALONG TO MAKE SURE SOME LOVELY PRINCESS DOESN'T BE-WITCH YOU AND PERSUADE YOU TO **STAY** IN THE 6TH CENTURY!



TOM, I NOTICED YOU HOOKED UP THE ATOMIC JET ENGINES...WE DON'T NEED **THEM** TO TRAVEL THROUGH **TIME**, DO WE?

NO, BUT WE **WILL** NEED THEM TO GET US TO CAMELOT, ENGLAND, WHERE KING ARTHUR'S COURT WAS! **AND HERE WE GO!**



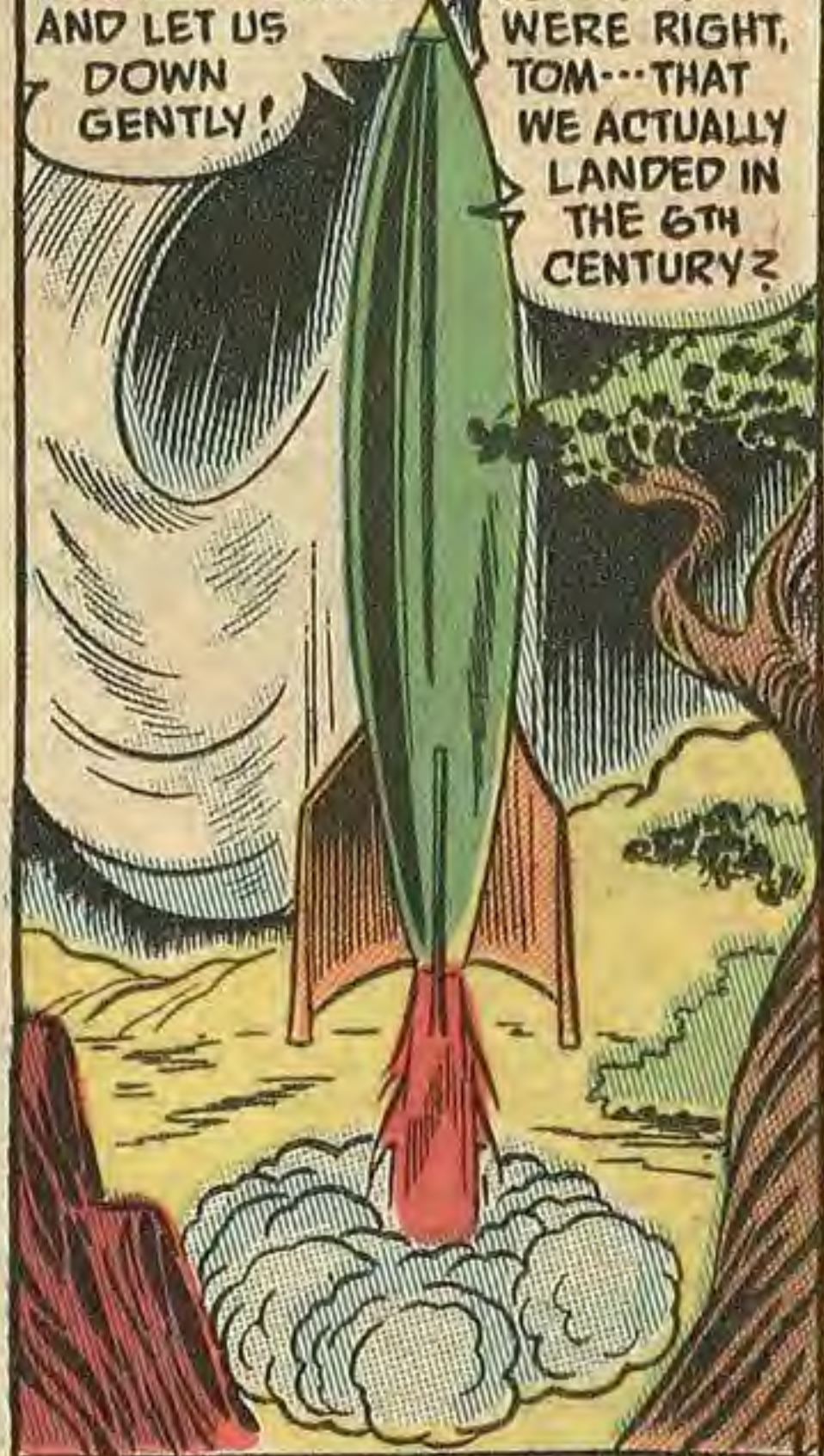
DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE VORTEX OF TIME ITSELF...PLUNGING INTO THE SPIRALLING AGES WHILE THE CENTURIES TICK AWAY LIKE SECONDS...AND HISTORY MARCHES BACKWARDS!



AND BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...

HERE WE ARE, PEGGY...THE TREMENDOUS EXHAUST FROM OUR ATOMIC JETS WILL ACT AS A BRAKE AND LET US DOWN GENTLY!

BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THAT YOUR CALCULATIONS WERE RIGHT, TOM...THAT WE ACTUALLY LANDED IN THE 6TH CENTURY?



IF YOU WANT ANY PROOF, PEGGY...LOOK!

STRANGERS... SEIZE THEM!



I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL!

OH! TOM... HELP!

GRABBING A GIRL LIKE THAT ISN'T VERY CHIVALROUS OF YOU, BUD...



...AND MAYBE THIS WILL REMIND YOU OF YOUR MANNERS!

YOWW!

HE DARED TO LAY HANDS ON SIR MODRED...STRIKE HIM DOWN!







DIE, O DRAGON-WIZARD!

HE'S STARTING THE FIRE IN BACK OF ME---AND IT MAY GIVE ME MY ONLY CHANCE! IF I CAN ONLY BURN MY BONDS OFF BEFORE HE STARTS IN ON PEGGY---



MOMENTS LATER---

AND NOW FOR THE EVIL SORCERESS!

IT WORKED...I'M FREE!



ARGH! WHAT EVIL MAGIC IS THIS?

BANG!



NOT EVIL MAGIC...BUT A MAGIC FROM THE GODS...A MAGIC THAT STRIKES DOWN ONLY EVIL MEN WHO REFUSE THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP AND PEACE I OFFER THEM!

SPARE US...WE ACCEPT YOUR FRIENDSHIP!



THOMAS IS THY NAME, YE SAY? THEN WITH MY MIGHTY SWORD, **EXCALIBUR**, I HEREBY KNIGHT YE, **SIR THOMAS**... FOR IN SPARING MY KNIGHTS FROM THY MAGICAL WEAPON, YE HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF WORTHY OF KNIGHTHOOD! AND BECAUSE OF THY GOD-LIKE MAGIC, I APPOINT THEE AS SAGE AND WIZARD OF MY COURT...IN THE PLACE OF **MERLIN**, WHO WOULD HAVE EVILLY DESTROYED THEE!



I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE ON THE TRICKSTER WHO USURPED MY PLACE AS WIZARD! THE STRANGERS MUST BE **KILLED**, MODRED--- BEFORE THEIR STRANGE WEAPONS MAKE ARTHUR SO POWERFUL THAT WE CANNOT GO THROUGH WITH OUT PLOT TO ASSASSINATE HIM!

LET US BRING THE TIDINGS TO **MORGAN LE FAY**... WHO WILL BE THE **QUEEN** WHEN WE HAVE SLAIN ARTHUR!



LATER, IN THE CASTLE OF MORGAN LE FAY, SISTER OF KING ARTHUR...

... SO WE URGE YOU TO SUMMON YOUR ALLIES, THE BLACK TEUTONIC KNIGHTS... SO THAT WE MAY STORM CAMELOT AND SLAY ARTHUR AND THE STRANGERS BEFORE THEY BECOME TOO POWERFUL!

FOOLS... THERE IS AN **EASIER** WAY TO GET RID OF ARTHUR! IF THE STRANGER HAS SUCH MAGICAL WEAPONS, I WILL USE MY CHARMS TO MAKE HIM JOIN OUR REVOLT! HE WILL KILL ARTHUR... AND AFTER I BECOME QUEEN, I WILL TOSS HIM TO THE ENRAGED POPULACE TO BE EXECUTED!

NEXT DAY, AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT...

GREETINGS, MY FAIR SISTER...WHAT BRINGS YE TO CAMELOT?

I HAVE COME TO PAY HOMAGE TO THE STRANGER WHO HAS BECOME YOUR COURT WIZARD! AND BY THE HOLY GRAIL, I DID NOT THINK HE WOULD BE SO HANDSOME!

COME, LET US WALK IN THE GARDEN, WHERE WE MAY WHISPER TOGETHER OF MAGIC...AND OTHER THINGS!

NO, TOM...DON'T GO! SOMEHOW, I...I DON'T TRUST HER!

NONSENSE, PEGGY...SHE'S KING ARTHUR'S SISTER!

TELL ME, ARE YOU VERSED IN THE GREATEST MAGIC OF ALL--THE MAGIC OF THE KISS?

I WON'T TELL YOU...I'LL SHOW YOU!

PRINCESS...YOU...YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!

THIS TELLS ME ALL I NEED TO KNOW...HE'S FALLEN FOR MY CHARMS!

NOW THAT I KNOW YOUR LOVE, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MY BROTHER, ARTHUR, IS A WEAK, HELPLESS FOOL...UNWORTHY TO SIT ON THE THRONE! IF YOU SLAY HIM WITH ONE OF YOUR STRANGE WEAPONS, I WILL BECOME QUEEN...AND YOU SHALL BE MY KING!

THANKS FOR TIPPING OFF YOUR HAND, PRINCESS! I PLAYED UP TO YOU BECAUSE I VAGUELY REMEMBERED SOMETHING FROM MY HIGH-SCHOOL READING...SOMETHING ABOUT HOW MORGAN LE FAY TRIED TO KILL KING ARTHUR! AND NOW THAT I'M **SURE** ABOUT IT, I'M GOING TO **WARN** THE KING YOU'RE PLOTTING AGAINST HIM...YOU'LL **NEVER** SUCCEED!

AND YOU'LL NEVER TRAP ME, KNAVE!

GREAT SCOTT...SHE HAD A HORSE HIDDEN NEARBY!

YES...MORGAN LE FAY IS ALWAYS PREPARED FOR **ANY** EMERGENCY! AND AS FOR **YOU**, DOG...BE PREPARED TO **DIE** WHEN MY KNIGHTS STORM CAMELOT IN REVOLT AGAINST ARTHUR!

HMM, SHE SEEMED PRETTY SURE OF HERSELF...SHE MUST HAVE A COUPLE OF ACES UP HER SLEEVE! WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER START DIGGING INTO MY BAG OF TRICKS...AND INTO THE STOCK OF EXPLOSIVE GRENADES I BROUGHT ALONG IN THE TIME MACHINE, JUST IN CASE! I'LL TEACH ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS HOW TO USE THEM, AND IF THEY HELP DEFEAT MORGAN LE FAY'S MEN, ARTHUR MAY GIVE ME EXCALIBUR AS A REWARD!



LATER...

NOW WATCH CLOSELY! YOU JUST PULL THE PIN OUT OF THE GRENADE... COUNT UP TO THREE... AND THEN...



...THROW!



THIS... THIS IS TRULY A BLACK WIZARD'S MAGIC...OUR KNIGHTS WILL BE BLOWN TO DUST!

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO... I MUST ARRANGE TO HAVE THE STRANGER KIDNAPPED BEFORE HE CAN TEACH ANY MORE OF HIS MAGIC! LUCKILY, NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT I AM ON MORGAN LE FAY'S SIDE...IT WILL BE EASY FOR ME TO LAY MY TRAP!



I HAVE NEWS YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN...I JUST SAW SIR THOMAS, YOUR COMPANION...KISSING MORGAN LE FAY IN THE NEARBY WOODS!

BUT...BUT TOM IS ENGAGED TO ME...HE CAN'T BE MAKING LOVE TO A WITCH LIKE HER! TAKE ME TO THE SPOT...QUICKLY!



WHAT LUCK...HE IS WITH ARTHUR! PERHAPS I CAN CAPTURE THEM BOTH!

COME QUICKLY...THE GIRL NAMED PEGGY IS TRAPPED BY A FALLEN LOG IN THE WOODS! I COULD NOT LIFT IT MYSELF...

HURRY...LEAD US TO THE SPOT!





I DON'T SEE HER...ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE SHE WAS TRAPPED?

NO...BUT I AM SURE THIS IS WHERE YOU ARE TRAPPED!



IT'S AN AMBUSH... FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE, KING ARTHUR!

YOU SHALL DIE FOR YOUR TREACHERY, MODRED...YOUR BLACK HEART WILL KNOW THE TASTE OF EXCALIBUR!



NO, HIS BLACK HEART WILL LEARN THE TASTE OF MY .45 CALIBRE...

OWWW!

CRACK!

HA...NOW LET ME SEE HOW POWERFUL YOU ARE WITHOUT YOUR MAGIC WEAPON!



ALL RIGHT... THIS IS WHAT WE CALL **KAYO MAGIC** WHERE I COME FROM!

AH, BUT NOW I HAVE THE GREAT WEAPON YOU DROPPED! AND UNLESS YOU BOTH SURRENDER, I WILL POINT AT THE KING...AND DROP HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

CLUNK!



NO...DON'T! WE...WE GIVE UP...DROP YOUR SWORD, KING ARTHUR!

HURRY, KNIGHTS... SEIZE THEM AND DRAG THEM TO THE CASTLE WHERE THE GIRL WAS TAKEN!



LATER...

AH, YOU CAPTURED ALL OF THEM... WELL DONE, MODRED! YOU'LL RULE WITH ME AS KING! WITHOUT ARTHUR'S LEADERSHIP, HIS MEN WILL BE EASY PREY FOR THE BLACK TEUTONIC KNIGHTS I HAVE SUMMONED TO HELP ME CONQUER ALL ENGLAND! AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVE, THEY SHALL PARTICIPATE IN THE GALA FESTIVITIES AT WHICH ALL THREE OF YOU SHALL BE BEHEADED!



MY HEART IS HEAVY TO THINK OF THE OPPRESSION ENGLAND WILL SUFFER IF MODRED AND MY INFAMOUS SISTER ASSUME THE THRONE! HAVE YOU NO MAGIC THAT WILL FREE US FROM THIS DANK DUNGEON, SIR THOMAS?

COULD BE! THEY TOOK MY GUN AWAY, BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO TAKE THE CARTRIDGES IN MY POCKETS! SHH... I HEAR THE GUARD COMING!



DON'T WORRY, KING... MY MAGIC WILL HAVE THIS CELL DOOR OPEN IN JUST A MOMENT!

SO! I WILL PIN YOUR HAND TO THE CELL DOOR FOR THAT, PIG!



BUT AS TOM SWIFTLY DRAWS HIS HAND AWAY FROM THE LOCK...

BANG!



THANKS FOR DETONATING THE CARTRIDGES I PLACED IN THE LOCK, BUD!

OOF!

POW!



COME ON...WE'VE GOT TO FIND PEGGY'S CELL!

THE PRISONERS HAVE ESCAPED... AFTER THEM!

THE GUARDS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US... THERE'S NO TIME TO LOOK FOR THE GIRL! FLEE AND OBTAIN HELP, SIR THOMAS...I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF WITH THE FALLEN GUARD'S SWORD!



NOTHING AROUND BUT THIS OLD BEAT-UP NAG... I HOPE IT HOLDS TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO GET ME TO CAMELOT AND AROUSE THE KNIGHTS!



BUT ON THE ROAD TO CAMELOT...

HE CAN'T ESCAPE US...HIS MOUNT IS NO MATCH FOR OUR SWIFT WAR-HORSES!

OH-OH... THEY MUST'VE OVER-POWERED ARTHUR! THIS HORSE CAN'T MAKE IT...I'M A GONER! WAIT...THE TIME-MACHINE...IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

WHEW...THE NAG BARELY MADE IT HERE!
BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE USE OF
THE TIME-MACHINE, I CAN GET SOME
REAL HELP AGAINST THE BLACK
TEUTONIC KNIGHTS THAT MORGAN
LE FAY IS SUMMONING UP!



ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS WILL BE OUTNUMBERED
BY THE TEUTONIC HORDES...AND THE ONLY
ONE WAY TO PREVENT THEM FROM BEING
ANNIHILATED IS TO GO FORWARD
IN TIME TO **1945**... WHEN I
WAS A U.S. ARMY CAPTAIN IN
CHARGE OF AN ALLIED
MOTOR POOL IN
GERMANY!



UP...UP THROUGH THE DIZZYING SPIRALS OF THAT
STRANGEST OF ALL DIMENSIONS...**TIME!**



AND THEN...

HUH? WHY, IT...IT'S
**CAPTAIN
REDFIELD!**

WE THOUGHT IT
WAS A NEW NAZI
ROCKET-SHIP, SIR...
WHAT IS IT, ONE OF
OUR SECRET
WEAPONS?

NO TIME FOR QUEST-
IONS NOW, MEN... THE
ARMORED MOTORCYCLES
HERE ARE NEEDED IN ENGLAND
RIGHT AWAY... TO REPEL IN-
VASION BY THE TEUTONIC
KNIGHTS...ER, **NAZIS!**
START LOADING THE CYCLES
INTO THIS NEW JET
TRANSPORT... **HURRY!**



LUCKY I HAD MY MEN WELL-TRAINED... THEY'RE SO
ACCUSTOMED TO OBEYING MY ORDERS WITHOUT ANY
QUESTIONS THAT THEY DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO ASK
WHY I'M **OUT OF UNIFORM!**



Then, AFTER TOM LEAVES... **C-CAPTAIN
REDFIELD!**

SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE A
ROCKET SHIP UP THERE
--- WHERE DID IT COME
FROM?

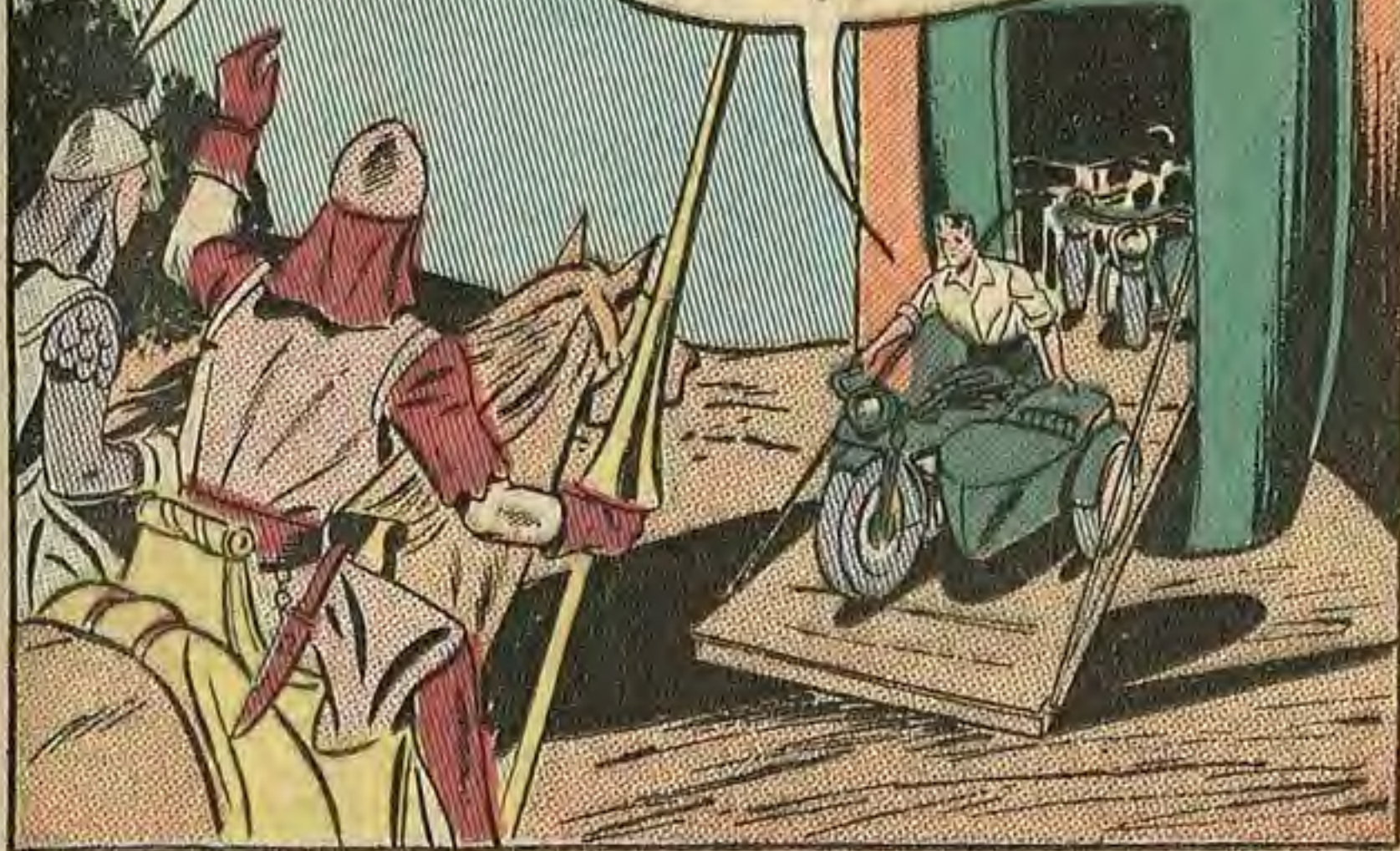
BUT IF YOU'RE
HERE... THEN
WHO WAS THAT
WHO WENT OFF
WITH OUR
ARMORED
MOTOR-
CYCLES?



AND THEN, BACK IN CAMELOT IN THE 6TH CENTURY...

IT'S SIR THOMAS!
BUT WHAT STRANGE
MONSTER DOES
HE BRING?

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, BOYS
--- HELP ME UNLOAD THESE
MOTORCYCLES, AND THEN
I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO
USE THEM TO **RESCUE**
KING ARTHUR!



LATER, AT THE CASTLE OF MORGAN LE FAY...

LOOK... THE ARMY OF BLACK
KNIGHTS HAS ARRIVED TO
HELP US DESTROY
CAMELOT!

YES... **NOW**
WE CAN HOLD OUR
FESTIVITIES AND EXECUTE
ARTHUR AND THE GIRL! WHEN
THE TEUTONS SEE THE GREAT
KING ARTHUR BEHEADED,
THEY WILL KNOW HOW GREAT
I AM... AND THEY WILL BE
MY VASSALS
FOREVER!



WATCH, O MIGHTY TEUTONS... WATCH
HOW I SLAY THE KING YOU ONCE
FEARED THE MOST!

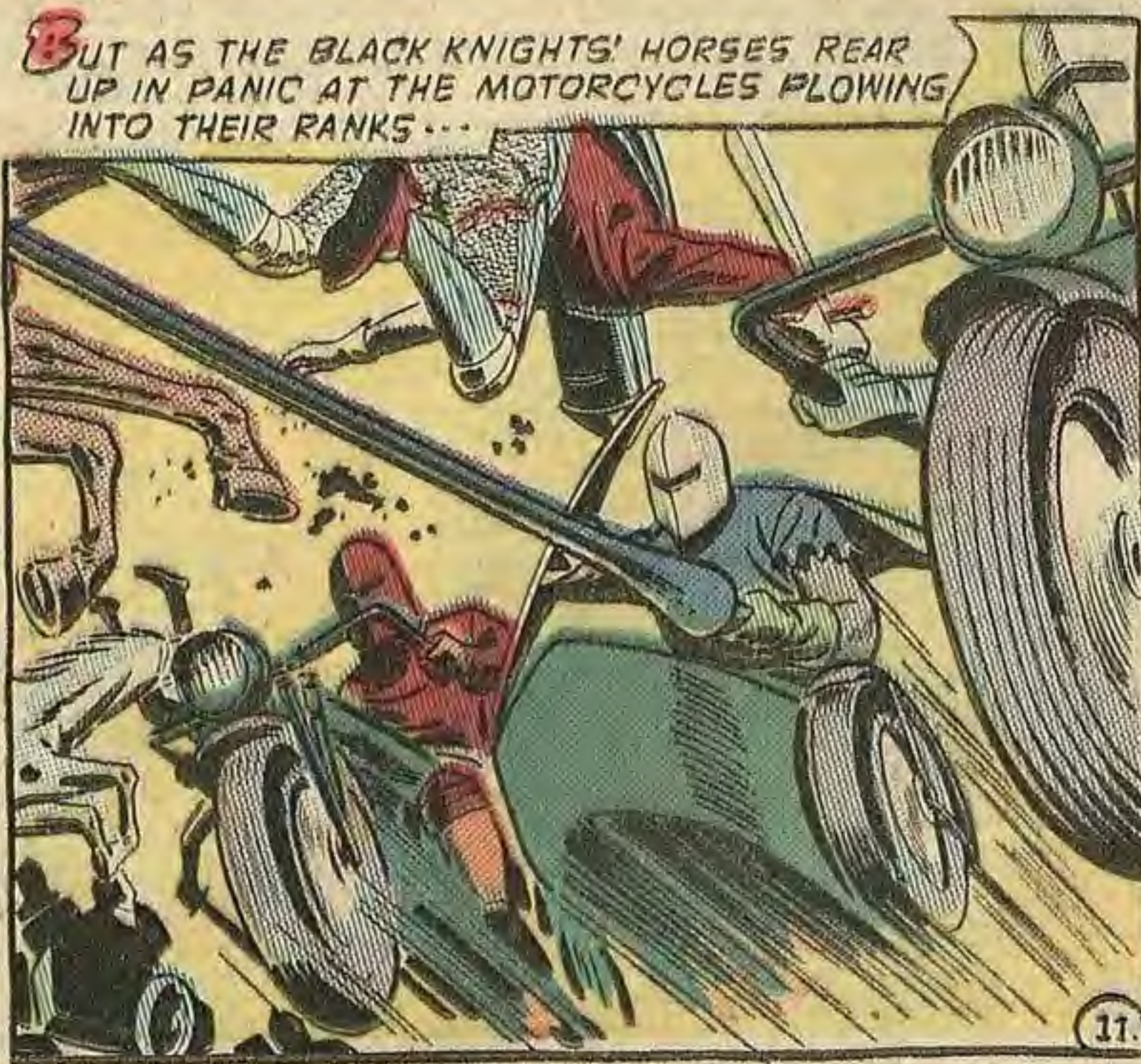
SIR MODRED
... COME
QUICKLY! KING
ARTHUR'S
KNIGHTS ARE
ADVANCING
ON THE
CASTLE!



HA... THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE HORSES
... THEY ARE MOUNTED MERELY ON
WHEELS! ARTHUR'S EXECUTION CAN
WAIT UNTIL WE HAVE SLAUGHTERED
THESE FOOLS! **TO ARMS...
SOUND THE CHARGE!**



BUT AS THE BLACK KNIGHTS' HORSES REAR
UP IN PANIC AT THE MOTORCYCLES FLOWING
INTO THEIR RANKS...





STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Cherman, Notary Public, State of New York (My commission expires March 30, 1951)

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MADMAN'S JUMP

DAN PRESCOTT dug his aluminum ski-poles into the hard-packed snow at the summit of Mount Baldy and looked at the icy slope below him—the slope down which he would soon be hurtling to his death!

The grim decision to leap from Madman's Cliff had been made while Dan was in the base hospital in Korea. He'd been one of the first American soldiers to be sent into that desperate delaying action to stem the tide of the North Korean advance until sufficient reinforcements could arrive to turn defeat into victory. But for two months, all Captain Dan Prescott and his gallant little infantry company had known was the bitter taste of defeat—defeat and retreat! For two months, for sixty anguished days of battling heroically against overwhelming odds, Dan had been in the forefront of the desperate battle—all the way down that blood-stained road from Seoul to Taegu. And then, when the order had finally come for the general counter-attack across the Naktong, Dan had quit—had literally quit under fire and collapsed in a trembling heap!

The base medics had called it combat fatigue, the result of being in the front lines under constant fire for too long a period of time—but Dan had called it by another name—*cowardice!*

He'd been honorably discharged with decorations and citations for bravery in action—but Dan knew in his heart of hearts that he didn't deserve them, that he was a coward—and that he couldn't bear to live with himself, knowing that he'd lost all confidence in his own manhood.

And so, as soon as he'd gotten back to the States, he'd headed for his favorite skiing ground—Old Baldy. But this time, he wasn't going to ski down the gentle descent which all the ski-fans used—no, he was going to make the jump off Mad-

man's Cliff, which no man had ever made and lived to boast of!

Dan shoved back on his poles—and he was off! The icy surface whistled beneath his highly waxed skis, and Dan sped faster . . . faster down the slope. *This* was the way to end it all—in one flashing burst of glory—to prove to himself that at least he wasn't afraid of *death!* And now that he was hurtling down the almost vertical slope towards Madman's Cliff, Dan knew that it was too late to turn back, that he was actually facing the imminent death not like a coward, but like a *man*—at that moment, Dan also realized that he didn't want to die—now that he knew the medics had been right, that he *wasn't* a coward!

Yes—with the wind screaming in his ears now like a thousand banshees, with Madman's Cliff itself only a hundred feet away, traveling at a speed which he knew must be over a hundred miles an hour, Dan suddenly knew that he wanted to *live!* And as he reached the edge of the cliff, he gave one final push with his ski-poles, exerting every ounce of strength he could summon up—and then he was in mid-air, soaring . . . soaring into space . . . desperately rotating his outstretched arms to give him the added impetus he would need to clear the jagged rocks below. And then down . . . plummeting down through the air with his whole body bent forward to squeeze precious inches out of space. The rocks loomed with sudden clarity below, but it was only when Dan heard the excited shouts and cheers of the skiers at the bottom of the mountain that he knew he was going to clear the rocks and make it!

He cleared the rocks by inches, landed with a spine-jarring thud on the snow beyond, and sped down towards the cheering crowd on the trail—with full confidence in his courage and in himself again!



OUR STORY BEGINS LATE ONE NIGHT...INSIDE ONE OF THE ROOMS OF A LARGE MUSEUM...

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE TO BE TALKING ABOUT IT **NOW**... AFTER IT'S OVER AND DONE WITH... BUT I WANT TO EXPLAIN **WHY** I KILLED DR. ELIOT... BEFORE I GET ON TO THE MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS OF A **CURSE**!

IT ALL STARTED AS A MERE MATTER OF **ENVY**! RAGING EMOTIONS DIDN'T ENTER INTO IT... AT LEAST UNTIL LATER, WHEN I **REALLY** LOST MY HEAD! ELIOT AND I HAD GONE TO SOUTH AMERICA TO LEARN SOMETHING OF THE SECRET DEATH RITUAL OF THE HEAD-HUNTING JIVARO INDIANS...

TROPHY
EXHIBIT
AMAZONIAN
INDIANS

...AND ONE AFTERNOON...IN OUR ADVANCE CAMP NEAR THE JUNGLE HEADWATERS OF THE AMAZON...

HERE'S SOMETHING YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN, BARTLEY...THE NEWS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THE MUSEUM CABLES THEY'VE FINALLY CHOSEN THEIR NEW DIRECTOR!

WONDERFUL... IT'S AN HONOR I'VE WORKED TOWARD FOR YEARS, ELIOT! AND FRANKLY, SINCE YOU'RE THE AUTHORITY ON THE JIVAROS... I'D BEGUN TO THINK I MIGHTN'T GET THE POST!

SORRY I DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, OLD MAN... BUT I'M THE ONE WHO WAS APPOINTED!

YOU! LET'S SEE THAT CABLE!

"THE MUSEUM COMMITTEE FEELS THAT YOUR NEW POSITION WILL ENABLE YOU TO ASSIGN THE ROUTINE FIELD WORK TO DR. BARTLEY... LEAVING YOURSELF FREE TO STUDY THE JIVARO DEATH RITUAL AT FIRST HAND..." WELL, ELIOT... I GUESS THEY'VE MADE THAT PRETTY PLAIN!

I CAN TELL FROM YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT THAT THEY DIDN'T! REMEMBER THIS, BARTLEY... IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME BEFORE WE GET BACK, YOU'RE DEFINITELY NEXT IN LINE FOR THAT JOB!



MAYBE I THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF MYSELF... MAYBE I NEEDED SOMETHING TO SHRINK MY BIG HEAD! BUT THAT NIGHT... AS I COUNTED THE HOURS IN THE SWELTERING DARKNESS...

SO I'M NEXT IN LINE FOR THE DIRECTORSHIP, EH? THAT'S A FINE CONSOLATION... AFTER EVERYTHING'S GONE BOOM!



FOR A SECOND IT SOUNDED LIKE MOCKERY... THAT THUDDING ECHO MUFFLED BY THE TANGLED GLOOM! PEERING... LISTENING... I CREEPT FROM MY TENT!

DRUMS! GREAT SCOTT... AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS OF SEARCHING... THERE'S A JIVARO DEATH RITUAL TAKING PLACE JUST A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY!

BOOM!
BOOM!



MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS ONE OF TRIUMPH! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SLIP THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND TAKE A FEW FLASH PICTURES OF A SPECTACLE NEVER BEHELD BY ANY EXPLORER... A SPECTACLE THAT TOOK PLACE WHILE THE GREAT DR. ELIOT WAS ASLEEP!



PROFESSOR HOLMES, THIS IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... GET TO THE MUSEUM WITHOUT DELAY!

YES, IT ALL STARTED AS A MATTER OF ENVY... THE ENVY THAT MADE ME CHUCKLE AS I STOLE PAST ELIOT'S TENT, GLISTENING IN THE MOONLIGHT!



"A SECOND LATER...MY HEART WAS A CHUNK OF LEAD THAT SANK WITHIN ME!"

ELIOT ISN'T HERE!
HE **DID** HEAR THE
DRUMS...HE'S
BEATEN ME
TO IT!



"YARD BY YARD, I CREEPT THROUGH THE RANK FOL-
IAGE TOWARD THE HOLLOW MYSTERY OF THE DRUMS
...FUMING OVER THIS NEW DISAPPOINTMENT! BUT KNOW-
ING THE JIVARO...KNOWING THE SAVAGE SECRECY IN
WHICH THEY PRACTICED THE DEATH RITUAL..."

SUPPOSE THEY'VE **DISCOVERED**
ELIOT WATCHING THEM? WHO'D GET
THE DIRECTOR'S JOB **THEN**...IF
THIS VERY MINUTE, THEY'RE
SHRINKING HIS SEVERED
HEAD OVER A SLOW
FIRE?



"The WEIRD THOUGHT FLITTED LIKE A WRAITH UNTIL I
REACHED A CLEARING...THEN VANISHED BEFORE THE NUMBING
HORROR OF WHAT I SAW!"

THE JIVARO! THEY'RE
READY TO SHOOT ARROWS
AT THOSE THINGS ON THE
GROUND... **BUT WHAT
ARE THEY?**



"THINGS ON THE GROUND...THINGS
THAT SHED A GLOW LIKE STRICKEN
MOONLIGHT...THINGS THAT TALKED!"

TENGI KA-SA!
BOKA BOKA
VA!



I UNDERSTOOD ENOUGH JIVARO JARGON TO REALIZE THOSE
PIPING VOICES WERE CASTING A **CURSE**...A CURSE ON THE
WARRIORS WHO HAD KILLED THE TRIBESMEN WHOSE
SHRIVELED HEADS WERE ARRAYED BEFORE ME! IT SEEMED
LIKE A NIGHTMARE, **THEN**...WATCHING THE TINY LEATHERY
FACES OF THE **THINGS THAT TALKED!**



"IN THE NEXT SECOND...AS A DOZEN ARROWS
HISSED THROUGH THE SULTRY AIR..."

WATCH, DOCTOR! NOW THE HEADS
BE QUIET...**FOREVER!**



"HORRIBLE AS THE SCENE HAD BEEN...IT WAS FORGOTTEN IN THE RAGE THAT SWEEPED OVER ME! THERE STOOD ELIOT AMONG THE SAVAGES I HAD HOPED WOULD KILL HIM...CALMLY DISCUSSING THE DEATH RITUAL WITH THE CHIEF HIMSELF!"

BAD SPIRITS LIVE IN THESE SHRUNKEN HEADS, DOCTOR! WE MUST KILL THEM AGAIN WITH ARROWS...OR THEY WILL CAST BLACK SPELL ON OUR TRIBE!

VERY INTERESTING, KAVALA! BUT WHY DO YOU WAIT? WHY NOT SHOOT ARROWS INTO THE HEADS AT THE MOMENT THEY'RE SEVERED FROM THE BODIES OF YOUR ENEMIES?

"WEREN'T THE JIVARO SUPPOSED TO BE TREACHEROUS? WHO WOULD KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ELIOT IF KAVALA DIED WITH HIM...KAVALA, THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE TRIBE WHO SPOKE ENGLISH?"

WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THEY SHINE, DOCTOR! THEN THE BAD SPIRIT IS IN THEM... THEN THEY ARE THINGS THAT TALK THE LANGUAGE OF THE DEAD!

"I KNEW EXACTLY THE WORDING OF THE CABLE I WOULD SEND TO THE MUSEUM...THAT POOR OLD ELIOT HAD LOST HIS HEAD FOR SCIENCE...THAT I WOULD RETURN IN A FEW WEEKS TO TAKE OVER THE DIRECTORSHIP!"

BANG!
BANG!

"BY DAWN, I REACHED OUR BASE CAMP...A FULL TWENTY MILES FROM THE JIVARO COUNTRY!"

TOO BAD THE JIVARO DIDN'T SAVE A FEW OF THOSE GLOWING HEADS...THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FOLLOW ME THROUGH THE BUSH! LET THEM SEARCH, THE HOWLING FOOLS...THOUGHTFUL OLD ELIOT MADE IT A RULE TO NEVER REVEAL THE LOCATION OF OUR HEADQUARTERS!

BOSS, WE GLAD YOU COME! SOMETHING MOVE AROUND TENTS LAST NIGHT... SOMETHING LOOK AND SOMETHING WAIT! BOSS, IS BAD TO STAY IN THIS PLACE!

DON'T HAND ME ANY OF THAT SUPERSTITIOUS ROT! HAVE ONE OF THE BOYS PADDLE DOWNSTREAM TO SANTAREM...AND SEE THAT THIS CABLE GETS OFF!

"I TOOK MY TIME, THAT NIGHT, BURNING ELIOT'S PAPERS! HE WAS DEAD ENOUGH, OF COURSE...BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE REMINDED OF OTHER THINGS...THINGS THAT TALKED!"

I'M JUMPY...I'VE GOT TO DRIVE THAT HEATHEN DEATH RITUAL OUT OF MY MIND! LET'S SEE, NOW...HAVE I FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?

"SOMETHING...SOMETHING WATCHING...SOMETHING WAITING... SOMETHING THAT WOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!"

GOOD LORD! IT'S RIVER MIST...IT'S EYESTRAIN...IT'S ANYTHING BUT WHAT I THINK IT IS!

BOOM!
BOOM!

"Then...as silver spears of moonlight jabbed through the palm fronds..."

ELIOT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, ELIOT? GO BACK TO YOUR JIVARO FRIENDS...LET THEM SHRINK YOUR HEAD WITH HOT SAND AND PLACE IT BESIDE KAVALA'S...BECAUSE YOU'RE DEAD...**DEAD!**

WAS IT MY OWN FRENZIED VOICE THAT ROSE TO A WHEEZING GASP...OR WAS IT THE SUDDEN FLIGHT OF JIVARO ARROWS? I'LL NEVER KNOW...**I'LL NEVER KNOW!**

THERE'S WHY I PHONED YOU, PROFESSOR HOLMES! LISTEN TO THAT **THING**... TALKING IN THE DARKNESS!

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL JIVARO ARROWS DO THEM FROM NOW ON? **TENGI KA-SA! BOKA BOKA VA!** MY CURSE ON THE TRIBE!

LOOK! IT'S GLOWING IN THE DARKNESS...AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE PROWLING TOWARD IT!

YAAAGH!

ZZZZZIP!

LOOK AT IT, SIR...**LOOK AT IT!** THE THING THAT TALKED IS DR. BARTLEY'S HEAD!

AND PIERCED BY AN ARROW BEARING THE MARK OF A CHIEF NAMED **KAVALA!** YOU'D BETTER PHONE THE CABLE OFFICE, JONES...I'M AFRAID SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAS HAPPENED ALONG THE UPPER AMAZON!

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

PHIL JENNINGS was worried. The Chief of Counter-Intelligence had tipped him off that an attempt would probably be made today to assassinate the man Phil was guarding—Prof. Feodor Czinczar, the world-famous atomic scientist who had recently fled from behind the Iron Curtain to seek sanctuary in the United States. The scientist was prepared to tell American authorities just how far the Iron Curtain countries had progressed in the perfection of atomic weapons—and Phil had been expecting that foreign agents would try to silence the professor before he revealed such vitally important information. But the thing that worried Phil was that at least five men would have been needed to guard the finicky Professor, who insisted on living in the very best—and most crowded—hotel in the city.

But the Chief had said that he could only spare one man for the assignment—the Intelligence Corps was too short-handed even to give Phil a reliefman to spell him every few hours. So it was all up to Phil—he alone would have to guard the Professor in the crowded hotel dining-room, in the jammed lobby, in the thronging streets where every passer-by might be a potential assassin.

All night long, sitting outside the professor's bedroom, Phil had pondered his problem—and by the time morning arrived, he knew what he would have to do. By this time, the man chosen to rub out the scientist had probably cased the hotel, had undoubtedly watched Phil and the professor as they entered and left the hotel each day. And since Phil was a big hulk of a man, the assassin would probably try to play it as safe as possible and try to shoot the professor down from a

vantage point which would give the gunman the best possible chance of escape. And that meant the attempt would have to be made *outside* the hotel—where the murderer would have the most opportunity of slipping away into the crowd after the deed was done.

And that was why Phil was outside now, surreptitiously observing the passers-by. Every morning, like clockwork, the professor would come out of the hotel for his daily walk at nine o'clock—and as Phil looked at his watch, he saw he had only five minutes more to spot the assassin before the professor came out.

Could the gunman be the uniformed doorman himself . . . or the taxi driver parked at the curb . . . or the blind organ-grinder walking up and down? Phil paused, his eyes riveted on the organ-grinder—whose shabby sleeve kept falling back from his wrist each time he made the upward turn of his organ handle. Phil caught the glimpse of a wrist-watch—and in four racing strides, he was at the organ-grinder's side.

With one hand, Phil yanked off the man's dark glasses—and his other hand poked a gun into the organ-grinder's ribs. "You don't need these cheaters, bud," Phil grated out. "You can see as well as I can—because *blind men don't wear wrist-watches!*"

The organ-grinder suddenly jerked back—and with a snarl of hatred, he went for his gun. Phil fired quickly—and the man cursed in a foreign language as the bullet shattered his wrist. And Phil grinned, knowing that he'd caught the assassin-spy!

DANNY DANGER

GRAB A DATE WITH DANGER -- AND YOU'LL BE MEETING THE BOY WHO ISN'T HAPPY UNLESS HE HAS ONE ARM CLAMPED AROUND A GANGSTER'S NECK -- AND THE OTHER ENCIRCLING A TWENTY-SIX INCH WAIST! SOMETIMES IT MEANS THAT **DANNY DANGER** WINDS UP WITH BOTH BROKEN KNUCKLES AND A BROKEN HEART -- BUT WHAT'S A FEW TRIFLES TO A PRIVATE EYE WHO'S KEPT BUSY BY GIRLS AND GOONS -- ROMANCE AND RIOT?



"DON'T ASK ME WHY DAMES HAVE ALWAYS PROVIDED MOST OF THE EXCITEMENT OF MY LIFE! I JUST KNOW THAT ONE LOOK AT WENDY MARTIN'S PICTURE PROMISED A FEW HEART THROBS -- AND MAYBE A FEW THROBBING BRUISES TO GO WITH THEM!"

NOW I'M GETTING INTO BIG TIME STUFF, EMMY -- WHEN THE SECRETARY TO TERRENCE VANE, BROADWAY'S BIGGEST PLAYWRIGHT, PRACTICALLY PLEADS FOR AN APPOINTMENT! AND WHAT A DISH!

I'VE NEVER SEEN IT TO FAIL, DANNY -- YOU'RE ALWAYS READY TO GET YOURSELF INTO ALL SORTS OF GRIEF WHENEVER THERE'S A PRETTY GIRL INVOLVED!

AW, G'WAN -- SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF ME! WENDY MARTIN'S DUE TO ARRIVE ANY MINUTE -- AND YOU CAN BET YOUR COLLECTION OF LOVE MAGAZINES THAT IT'LL BE JUST ANOTHER HUMDRUM CASE YOU COULD HANDLE YOURSELF!



"THE SOUND I HEARD NEXT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE
JEERING CACKLE OF FATE -- BUT ACTUALLY -- "

HOLY COW -- SOMEONE'S
BRAKES ARE TAKING
PLENTY OF
PUNISHMENT!

SCREEECH!

YEP, IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY!
DAMES AND EXCITEMENT--
EXCITEMENT,
AND DAMES!

WENDY'S RIGHT ON TIME -- AND
WHILE THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT THREE CHARACTERS
TAGGING AFTER A PACKAGE
LIKE HER -- IT'S A DIFFERENT
MATTER WHEN THEY
HAPPEN TO BE
FINGERS FEELEY
AND TWO OF
HIS MUSCLE
MEN!

HOP TO IT,
GALAHAD --
I'LL BE
WAITING WITH
THE FIRST AID
KIT!

PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR

COME JUST
ONE STEP
CLOSER --
I DARE
YOU!

DON'T GET YOUR
NERVES IN A
RIOT, BABY!
WE JUST WANT
TO ASK YOU
A QUESTION--
THAT'S ALL!

TRY ME, BUD --
I'VE GOT ALL
THE ANSWERS!

POW!

SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE WARNED
YOU ABOUT GOING INTO THIS
BLIND, FELLA!

BANG!



AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, TERRY BECAME WEALTHY ON THE BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS OF HIS FIRST FOUR PLAYS-- ALL OF WHICH HAVE BEEN TOURING THE COUNTRY FOR SEVERAL YEARS! CONSIDERING HOW LITTLE TERRY LIKES TO WORK, I EXPECTED HE'D RETIRE -- BUT SIX MONTHS AGO, HE SURPRISED ME BY TURNING OUT STILL ANOTHER SMASH HIT -- "MR. HOMICIDE"!



YES, I'VE SEEN IT--AND I'M BEGINNING TO SEE A LIGHT, TOO! THAT'S THE PLAY EVERYONE THINKS WAS BASED ON THE CAREER OF **FINGERS FEELEY!**



WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT **FINGERS** CLAIMS! HE CAME TO TERRY SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, DEMANDING A CUT OF THE PLAY'S PROCEEDS! TERRY SEEMED TO THINK THAT WAS FAIR ENOUGH -- BUT HIS PRODUCER, ARTHUR STEWART, CONVINCED HIM THAT **FINGERS** WAS JUST A RACKETEER WHO'D BLEED HIM FOR EVERY CENT HE OWNED, ONCE HE GAVE IN!

AND NOW YOU THINK **FINGERS** IS AFTER TERRY, EH? BUT IN THAT CASE, WHY WOULD HE BE TRAILING **YOU** -- INSTEAD OF PUTTING THE PRESSURE ON YOUR BOSS DOWN IN FLORIDA?



I WAS HOPING YOU'D COME UP WITH THAT ANSWER! ALL I KNOW IS THAT WHEN TERRY LEFT FOR FLORIDA, HE SEEMED EVASIVE AND PREOCCUPIED -- AS IF HE HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND! SINCE THEN, HE'S KEPT HIMSELF COMPLETELY ISOLATED -- SO WHAT ELSE CAN I THINK, EXCEPT THAT HE'S HIDING OUT FROM **FINGERS**?

WELL, WENDY -- IF **ANYONE** CAN BRIEF US ON TERRY'S SUDDEN VACATION, IT'S **ARTHUR STEWART!** AFTER ALL-- STEWART HAS MADE A SIZABLE PILE HIMSELF, COLLECTING A PERCENTAGE ON TERRY'S PLAYS -- AND IT'S HUMAN NATURE TO KEEP TABS ON ONE'S MEAL TICKET! SUPPOSE WE MEET AT STEWART'S PLACE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK TONIGHT?



GOOD ENOUGH, DANNY -- BUT I WISH SOMETHING COULD BE DONE ABOUT **FINGERS FEELEY** IN THE MEANTIME!

SWEETHEART -- YOU CAN PRACTICALLY **COUNT** ON IT!



"HEADING BACK TO MY OFFICE, I GOT THE OLD **DANGER** STRATEGY TICKING ON ALL 17 JEWELS!"

EXTRY -- EXTRY!

TOO BAD I LOST A CHANCE TO QUIZ **FINGERS'** ACCOMPLICE ABOUT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT WHEN THAT PROWL CAR ARRIVED -- BUT THERE'S MORE THAN **ONE** WAY TO SKIN A CAT!



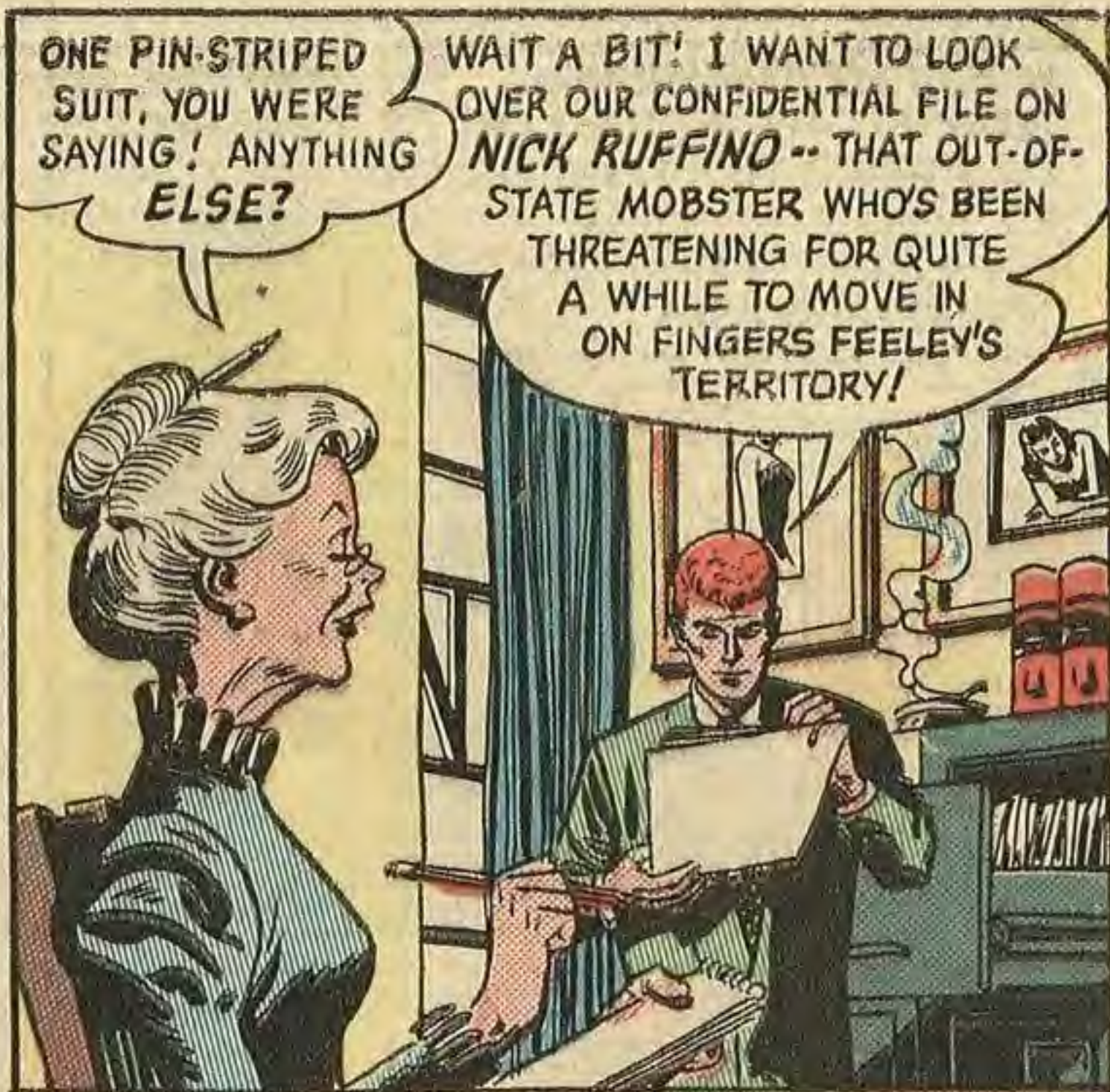
HIYA, PASSION FLOWER! I'LL BE NEEDING A FEW THINGS -- INCLUDING A SHARP SUIT WITH PIN STRIPES!

IF YOU ASK **ME**, YOU'RE SLATED FOR A SUIT WITH **WIDE STRIPES!** INSPECTOR GRAVEL WAS JUST HERE -- AND HE'S EXTREMELY ANNOYED BY YOUR RUN-IN WITH **FINGERS FEELEY!**





WONDER WHAT GRAVEL'S GOT TO BE MAD ABOUT-- WHEN HE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO RUN FINGERS IN FOR MONTHS? IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS IF THAT FLATFOOT KNOWS MORE ABOUT THIS BUSINESS THAN I DO-- BUT FROM HERE ON, I'M GOING TO START CATCHING UP!



ONE PIN-STRIPED SUIT, YOU WERE SAYING! ANYTHING ELSE?

WAIT A BIT! I WANT TO LOOK OVER OUR CONFIDENTIAL FILE ON **NICK RUFFINO**-- THAT OUT-OF-STATE MOBSTER WHO'S BEEN THREATENING FOR QUITE A WHILE TO MOVE IN ON FINGERS FEELEY'S TERRITORY!



Café Sambo

RUFFINO'S NEVER BEEN MUGGED-- AND I HAD TO KICK IN PLENTY TO THE NIGHT CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER WHO MANAGED TO GET **THESE** SHOTS! ASIDE FROM THAT, RUFFINO DRIVES A FISHTAIL CADILLAC-- AND HAS A YEN FOR LOUD TIES AND PRETTY GIRLS!



EMMY-- PHONE MY PAL, RACE TRACK RILEY, AND GET A LOAN OF HIS CAR FOR A FEW HOURS! AND IF MY CREDIT'S STILL GOOD AT THE PLAZA MODEL AGENCY, TELL 'EM I WANT A TABLEFUL OF CUTIES TO SHOW UP AT THE COLONY CLUB IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR! NOW TO **DISGUISE MYSELF AS RUFFINO!**



"UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M SORRY THE NEWS GOT AROUND AS FAST AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD!"

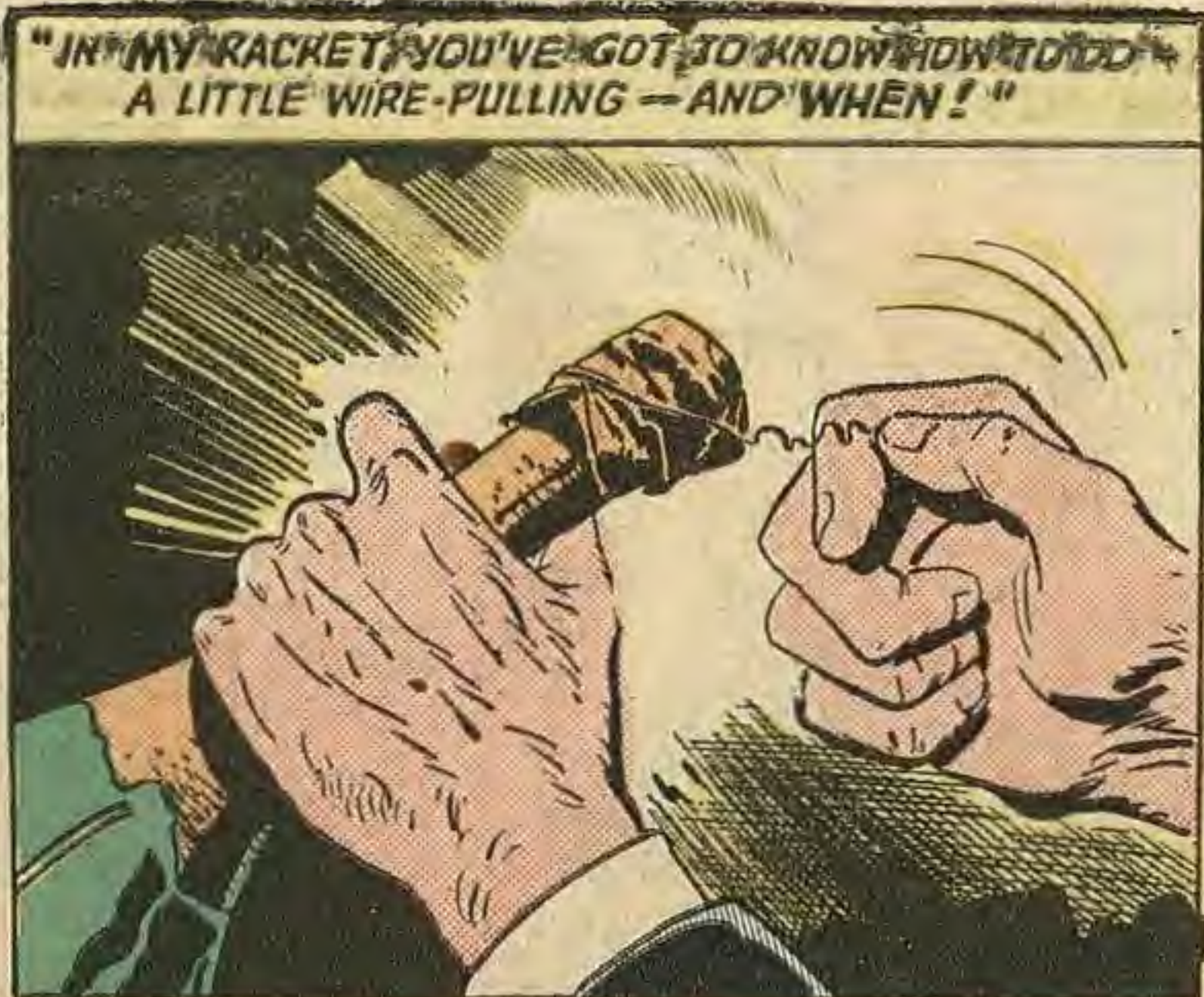
HONEST, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE I'M TALKING TO A GENUINE PUBLIC ENEMY! WHY-- THE VERY NAME **NICK RUFFINO** IS ENOUGH TO SEND MOST PEOPLE DIVING UNDER THE TABLE!

DON'T LOOK NOW, SUGAR-PUSS-- BUT THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO BE!



WE'RE A WELCOMING COMMITTEE FROM **FINGERS FEELEY**, NICK!

HE WANTS YOU SHOULD BE HIS GUEST-- **URGENTLY!**







CROSS MY HEART, I DIDN'T MIND TERRY VANE WRITING A PLAY ABOUT ME -- BUT IT BURNED ME UP WHEN HIS PRODUCER, ARTHUR STEWART, TALKED HIM INTO DISHING ME OUT OF THE BOX-OFFICE TAKE! SO ABOUT A MONTH AGO, STRICTLY WITH THE IDEA OF MAKING A BUCK, I DROPPED AROUND AT STEWART'S OFFICE...



I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH, STEWART -- WHATEVER SUICIDE METHOD I USE IS UNIMPORTANT! I'M GOING TO WIND THIS UP MY WAY -- AND GIVE PEOPLE THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES!



ARTHUR STEWART
Theatrical
Producer



I'M NOT THE SQUEAMISH TYPE, SEE? BUT THE IDEA OF SOMEONE LIKE TERRY VANE PLANNING TO RUB HIMSELF OUT KIND OF HIT ME! I DIDN'T WAIT TO SPEAK TO STEWART-- I UP AND SCRAMMED!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'VE KNOWN

FOR A MONTH THAT VANE WAS THINKING OF SUICIDE! DID YOU TELL THE POLICE?



LOOK, DANGER -- DO YOU THINK I'D WANT VANE TO SLOUGH HIMSELF OFF -- WHEN IT'D MEAN I COULD KISS MY CUT OF "MR. HOMICIDE" GOODBYE? BUT SUPPOSE VANE WENT AHEAD WITH IT BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM, AND THE COPS GOT EVEN A FAINT IDEA IT WAS FOUL PLAY -- WHO'D FACE THE RAP? ME -- THAT'S WHO!



PICTURE ME GOING TO THE COPS WITH A STORY ABOUT VANE BUMPING HIMSELF OFF AFTER HE WAS FOUND DEAD -- WHEN EVERYONE KNOWS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CUT IN ON HIS PLAY! I'D BE HELPING MYSELF STRAIGHT INTO THE HOT SEAT! THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO GET WENDY TO TELL ME WHERE TO FIND VANE -- SO'S I COULD HAVE THE BOYS WATCH HIM UNTIL HE GETS OVER THIS IDEA OF ERASING HIMSELF!



"IN THE NEXT MOMENT, I DIDN'T NEED THAT ROCK-CRUSHER VOICE TO TELL ME WHOSE HORNY KNUCKLES WERE BEATING ON THE DOOR!"

COME ON, FINGERS! OPEN UP -- BEFORE I SHOOT MY WAY IN!

OH, MURDER -- INSPECTOR GRAVEL! STALL HIM -- ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS!



GO BLOW, INSPECTOR! YOU CAN'T COME BARGING IN HERE WITHOUT A REASON!

I CAN'T, HUH? IS A DEAD MAN REASON ENOUGH FOR YOU, BUSTER?





HOLY SMOKE--
VANE?
WHO ELSE? AND
JUST BETWEEN US,
BRIGHT EYES --



-- THAT'S ONE RAP
I'M NOT
TAKING!

POW!



CRASH!

BANG!



SHAKE
IT UP,
DOPES --
LET'S
FADE!

CLUNK!



"THEN -- AS AN ELEVATOR
DOOR SLAMMED SHUT--"

THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT YOU THAT
TERRIFIES GANGSTERS,
INSPECTOR! ANYWAY--
THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO
TAKE IT ON THE LAM
WHENEVER **YOU**
SHOW UP!

GUESS I'LL HAVE
TO BE SATISFIED
WITH CATCHING
YOU-- HEY, DANGER?
THAT ACCOMPLICE
FEELEY RAN OVER
THIS MORNING
DIED JUST AN HOUR
AGO--AND I'M ITCHING
TO FIND OUT JUST
WHERE **YOU** FIGURE
IN WHAT HE TOLD ME
ABOUT TERRY VANE!



YOU MEAN HE'S
THE DEAD MAN
YOU CAME TO
SEE FINGERS ABOUT?
LOOK, INSPECTOR--
IF THAT HOOD HAD
LIVED, HE'D DESERVE
TO BE JUGGED FOR
JAYWALKING! WHY
DON'T YOU PLOD BACK
TO HEADQUARTERS FOR A
GAME OF CHECKERS--AND LET
ME GET ON
WITH MY CASE?

BECAUSE I CAN SNIFF A CASE OF
INTENDED MURDER--THAT'S
WHY! JUST BEFORE FEELEY'S
PUNK KICKED THE BUCKET, HE
MENTIONED THAT FEELEY HAD
OVERHEARD VANE TELLING HIS
PRODUCER HE WAS THINKING
OF SUICIDE! AND CONSIDERING
HOW FEELEY'S BEEN TRYING
TO PUT THE SQUEEZE ON
VANE, I THOUGHT I'D
CHECK UP HERE **FIRST**
--ESPECIALLY AFTER
ONE OF MY MEN
REPORTED THAT **ARTHUR
STEWART'S**
OUT OF TOWN!



STEWART OUT OF TOWN -- RIGHT
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE THEATRE
SEASON, WHEN HE **SHOULD** BE
KEEPING TABS ON VANE'S BOX
OFFICE? I'D ASK YOU TO
PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER,
GRAVEL -- BUT THIS IS NO
TIME TO WAIT WHILE YOU
COUNT ON YOUR
FINGERS!

SKIP THE
SMART STUFF,
DANGER--
**WHAT'S
THE
DRIET?**



FIGURE IT! FIRST, VANE SKIPPED TOWN -- AND NOW HIS BEST FRIEND, STEWART! ANY CHUMP CAN SEE THAT FINGERS FEELEY MUST BE AFTER **BOTH** OF THEM -- AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO CATCH HIM, INSTEAD OF EXERCISING YOUR JAW AROUND **ME!**



YEAH? WHAT DO I DO -- LURE HIM OUT WITH A MOOSE CALL?

GRAVEL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A FRIENDLY TIP! FINGERS LEFT HIS NEW CADILLAC OUTSIDE THE COLONY CLUB! HE'S SURE TO SEND SOMEONE AROUND TO GET IT -- AND THEN YOU CAN GET HIM!



COLONY CLUB, MATT -- AND GO HEAVY ON THAT SIREN!

NOW THAT I'VE GOT GRAVEL CHASING AFTER A BUM LEAD, I CAN FOLLOW MY OWN HUNCH -- AND IT MEANS **GETTING TO FLORIDA ON THE FIRST SOUTHBOUND PLANE!**



"MINUTES LATER, I BARGED OVER TO ARTHUR STEWART'S TO KEEP MY DATE WITH WENDY!"

YOU'RE A BIT LATE, DANNY -- BUT I SUPPOSE THERE MUST BE A LOT OF PEOPLE TAKING UP YOUR TIME!

NOK! NOK!

JUST A FEW CRUMBS, HONEY -- BUT **NOW** COMES THE BIG CHEESE!



NO -- I **CAN'T** LET YOU IN! WATCHING THE HOUSE WHILE NO ONE'S HERE IS PART OF MY JOB AS MR. STEWART'S VALET!

BUSTER, I'M GOING TO DO YOU A BIG FAVOR --



-- AND SAVE YOU FROM BEING BOOKED AS MR. STEWART'S **ACCOMPLICE!**



"I DON'T ORDINARILY GO IN FOR SNOOPING -- BUT WITH **MURDER** CERTAIN AS A SCRATCH SHEET, THIS WAS NO TIME FOR ETIQUETTE!"

DANNY, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL **ABOUT?**

I'VE GOT AN IDEA I WON'T **HAVE** TO, BABY -- AFTER YOU READ THIS LETTER TERRY SENT STEWART, JUST A FEW DAYS AGO!



VERY CONVINCING -- THIS SUICIDE NOTE WRITTEN BY THE CHARACTER IN YOUR PLAY! AND SINCE NO ONE BUT MYSELF KNOWS ABOUT THE PLAY, **THIS** KIND OF MESSAGE IN YOUR HAND-WRITING WILL COUNT AS AN AIRTIGHT EXPLANATION WHEN YOUR BODY IS WASHED UP ON THE BEACH!

WHAT A CHUMP I WAS -- ASSIGNING FULL RIGHTS TO MY PLAYS TO YOU IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH! PRACTICALLY AN INVITATION TO KILL ME, EH?

"THINGS MOVED FAST FROM THAT SECOND ON -- INCLUDING ME!"

BANG!

CHUM, YOU'RE JUST SPOILING FOR DISASTER--

UP!

WAM!

-- AND THIS KIND WON'T NEED A SUICIDE NOTE!

POW!

AAAGH!

"HOW COULD WENDY HELP THINKING I WAS TERRIFIC? I DON'T MIND SAYING I AGREED WITH HER -- UNTIL WE LANDED IN NEW YORK!"

CONSIDERING THAT TERRY DECIDED TO STAY DOWN IN FLORIDA FOR AWHILE, DANNY-- IT'S NICE TO HAVE AN OLD FRIEND LIKE INSPECTOR GRAVEL TURNING UP TO MEET YOU!

OH... GREAT! IT GIVES ME A TIGHT FEELING IN MY THROAT -- OR MAYBE IT'S MY WRISTS!

BEFORE YOU GET OUT YOUR HANDCUFFS, GRAVEL-- I'M SORRY I SENT YOU ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE TO THE COLONY CLUB JUST TO PICK UP RACE TRACK RILEY'S CADILLAC! IT'S JUST THAT I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE FINGERS FEELEY FROM A PHONY RAP!

I'M GONNA OVERLOOK IT THIS TIME, DANGER-- BECAUSE YOU STEERED ME INTO A HOT LEAD! I LEARNED THAT NICK RUFFINO WAS AT THE COLONY CLUB YESTERDAY-- AND I'M WAITING TO SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

NICK RUFFINO! AFTER ALL THE EXCITEMENT WE'VE HAD, DANNY, I'D CERTAINLY LOVE TO HELP YOU GET HIM!

BABY, UNTIL I CAN GET BACK INTO THE DISGUISE I USED AT THE COLONY CLUB -- WHAT ABOUT GETTING ME NOW?

WATCH DANNY DANGER ATOMIZE ANOTHER ROCKET-PACED CASE -- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The END

13

CHECKERBOARD

SHERIFF

THE ELECTION WAS VIRTUALLY UNANIMOUS...AND THE MEEKEST MAN IN FIRE ACRES BECAME SHERIFF!

THE SCENE IS THE TOWN OF FIRE ACRES, CALIFORNIA, IN 1868...

I TELL YUH, GENTS, WE CAIN'T AFFORD TUH LET THAT OUTLAW, HARRISON DALY, STAY ON THE PROD---HE'S GOT TUH BE STOPPED! AN' SINCE THAR'S NOT A MAN IN THIS TOWN WHO KIN SWAP LEAD WITH DALY AN' LIVE, I SAY WE ELECT GILES HAYES AS SHERIFF! DALY IS A CHECKER FIEND---AN' GILES IS A CHECKER CHAMP! MEBBE GILES KIN GIT DALY BY TRICKIN' 'IM!

HURRAH...THE CHECKER CHAMP FER SHERIFF!

BUT--- BUT I TELL YUH, I DON'T WANT TUH BE SHERIFF! I'M ONLY GOOD AT CHECKER-PLAYIN'!

THAT'S ALL YUH GOTTA BE GOOD AT---IF YUH JEST LISSEN TUH OUR PLAN!

RELUCTANTLY, GILES HAYES AGREED TO THE PLAN!

I---I SHORE DON'T LIKE THE IDEE---BUT I'LL DO IT FER THE GOOD O' THE TOWN!

NOTICE

HARRISON DALY IS HEREBY CHALLENGED TO A GAME OF CHECKERS WITH SHERIFF GILES HAYES. WINNER GETS FREE SHOT AT LOSER AT DISTANCE OF FIVE FEET!

IN VAIN OF HIS PROWESS AS A CHECKER-PLAYER, OUTLAW HARRISON DALY SUCCUMBED TO THE CHALLENGE---NEVER DREAMING THAT HE WOULD ALSO SUCCUMB TO THE EVEN GREATER PROWESS OF THE CHECKER-CHAMP SHERIFF!

BAH, YUH'RE TOO TRICKY FER ME, HAYES---YUH BEAT ME! BUT I'LL SHOW YUH HARRISON DALY'S NO COWARD---AN' NEVER WELSHES ON A BET! GO AHEAD AN' SHOOT ME!

I CAN'T SHOOT A MAN IN COLD BLOOD, DALY---I'M JEST PLACIN' YUH UNDER ARREST! YUH'LL HAVE PLENTY O' TIME TUH PRACTICE UP ON YORE CHECKER-PLAYIN'---'CAUSE YUH'LL BE SPENDIN' THE REST O' YORE LIFE IN JAIL!

HARRISON DALY WAS SENTENCED TO FORTY YEARS IN THE STATE PRISON---AND NEVER FORGOT HIS GRUDGE IN ALL THAT TIME! AN OLD MAN WHEN HE WAS RELEASED, HE IMMEDIATELY LOOKED UP THE RETIRED CHECKERBOARD SHERIFF---WHO HAD BEGUN TO GO BLIND!

ALL RIGHT, HAYES---I BEEN PRACTICIN' UP---FER FORTY YEARS! AN' NOW IT'S TIME FER THE PLAYOFF!

THAT VOICE---I REMEMBER IT! YUH'RE---HARRISON DALY!

THE PLAYOFF! DALY HAD IMPROVED IN HIS FORTY YEARS OF PRACTICING, AND HAYES WAS HAMPERED BY HIS ALMOST TOTAL BLINDNESS---BUT THE CHECKERBOARD SHERIFF STILL MANAGED TO STALEMATE HIS OPPONENT! AND THEN, AFTER THE PLAYOFF, THE PAYOFF---ALSO A STALEMATE---IN DEATH!

BANG!

BANG!

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an

"All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris



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